

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,587



MARCH 17, 1900

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,581.—Vol. LXI.
Registered as a Newspaper] EDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1900

WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS
"The War in South Africa"

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



The historic Théâtre Français, in Paris, took fire on Thursday morning last week, and in the course of an hour was almost completely destroyed. Mlle. Henriot, a young actress belonging to the company, lost her life, and many of the artistic treasures kept in the theatre were destroyed, though others and the valuable

library were saved, many of the public assisting in the work of rescue. The disaster was caused by an overheated flue setting fire to some curtains. The firemen and the military who came to their assistance succeeded in saving some of the valuable treasures by handing them down ladders.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS BY FIRE: THE WORK OF RESCUE

DRAWN BY H. LANOS

Topics of the Week

Terms of Peace

DESPITE Dr. Leyds's complacent assurances that nothing has been changed by the stricken fields on the Bloemfontein road and in Northern Natal, and that the real struggle, in which the British must be worsted, has yet to come, it is abundantly clear that a less optimistic view prevails in Pretoria. In this case we may be sure that the players see more of the game than the onlookers, and that it is not from any squeamish objection to bloodguiltiness that they are contemplating a peaceful settlement. That the game, in fact, is up is shown by the overtures made by the Boer Presidents to Lord Salisbury. Those overtures are, of course, absurd, but we may be certain that they would never have been made had there been the remotest hope of getting better terms, or even of securing the terms proposed by a prolongation of the struggle. Her Majesty's Government have very rightly declined the proposals. Had they been acceded to, the result would simply have been that the sacrifices made by this country would have been fruitless, and that as soon as a fresh opportunity offered the Boers would have smitten our colonies hip and thigh. Whatever the ultimate settlement—and the problem is by no means an easy one to solve—certain minimum requirements will have to be satisfied. In the first place, the establishment of a uniform treatment of all white men throughout South Africa will have to be insisted upon. In the second place, whatever the degree of autonomy granted to the Transvaal the administrative grievances of which we had to complain will have to cease. In the third place, the freedom of the Republics to intrigue diplomatically with foreign Powers, and to store up arms and war material, will have to be abrogated. The legitimacy of these demands is already acknowledged by some of the most intransigent friends of the Boers in this country, if we may judge by the attitude of the *Westminster Gazette* and the South African Conciliation Committee, over which Mr. Leonard Courtney presides. Once these demands are satisfied it is difficult to see how any form of independence can be left to the Republics. In the case of the Transvaal, indeed, it would not be desirable that its status under such circumstances should be different from that of a British colony, for the emancipation of the Uitlander would at once make the Republic British instead of Dutch, and consequently we should only be creating a semi-independent British State hampered by limitations which the dominant element would be certain to resent. Whether, too, it would be wise to thus place the Boer farmer under the heel of the Rand carpet-bagger is very questionable. Within the limits we have indicated the Government will, we may be sure, do its best to pursue a policy calculated to conciliate Dutch sentiment. It would, however, be unwise to attempt any experiments in this direction the ultimate issue of which might be uncertain. The simplest, and perhaps the safest, policy in the long run would be annexation, but until alternative schemes have been maturely considered, it would be well to avoid the conclusion that this is the only possible solution.

The Queen's Visit to Ireland

THE QUEEN's decision to visit Ireland is one of the happy inspirations that have so often marked her personal actions. The day before the decision was announced, no one would have ventured to hope that at her advanced age the Queen would care to take a journey so much outside the routine of her ordinary life. That the immense mass of the Irish people will be delighted beyond measure at a visit which is obviously the spontaneous act of the Sovereign goes without saying. The faculty of personal loyalty is inborn in Irishmen, and finds ready expression the instant an opportunity is given. The only people who will be displeased by the Queen's visit are the professional grievance-mongers. One by one the grievances of these loud-tongued talkers are disappearing. The peasant's farm has become virtually his freehold; prosperity is increasing in every direction. Popularly elected County Councils give opportunities for unlimited talk and mild jobbery, while a judiciously appointed Board of Agriculture and Industries attends to practical work. Thus all tastes are consulted. In addition, the laudable craving for a national symbol is gratified by the Queen's new order anent the wearing of the green. To an Ireland such as this, happier perhaps than Ireland has ever been before, the Queen now goes, bearing with her the love of her subjects on this side the Channel, and confident of winning the love of those beyond.

Our Coal Supply

AS the industrial well-being of the United Kingdom depends, in a very large measure, on cheapness of fuel, even the most optimist among us must feel some disquietude on learning that our coal output last year amounted to 220,000,000 tons. How many Great Pyramids this prodigious quantity would make may be left to the ingenious arithmeticians who frolic in such computations. To the average mind the question of questions will be how long our coal beds will be able to supply this ever-growing demand. It is all very well for scientific mining authorities

to give assurance of permanency; they may estimate rightly when affirming that our subterranean supplies of fuel are practically inexhaustible. We will even accept it that by "going to the deep," as coal-miners call deep-level sinking, the present sources of supply would be very largely augmented. But how about the price? From the manufacturers' standpoint, that is the all-important matter, and it cannot be said that last year's history of the industry is calculated to allay his misgivings. Owing to the buoyancy of trade the demand for fuel became so abnormally eager that 18,000,000 tons in excess of the 1898 output hardly sufficed to meet it. Very naturally, pitowners and pitmen agreed to turn this scarcity to account for putting up prices, and the British householder groaned because domestic fuel was diverted in very large quantities to industrial purposes. But when it is suggested, as a remedial measure, that an export duty should be placed on our black diamonds, the politician has to reckon with the fact that the coal-mining industry gives employment to nearly three-quarters of a million people, and that all the heads of families possess votes which they habitually use for the promotion of their own interests.

An Imperial Regiment

THE British appetite has grown on what it fed on, in connection with seeking fresh openings for honouring the splendid valour of Her Majesty's land forces. From creating a regiment of Irish Guards, it has now proceeded to the second course of its banquet by urging the creation of Imperial Guards. Mr. Ian Malcolm, who voices this demand, modestly confines himself to suggesting that the Indian and Colonial constituents of this new force—none others of the Queen's subjects would be admitted—should serve in their own countries respectively. But it may be doubted whether any of the great Colonies would be content to be represented in that way; we make very sure that they would much prefer their splendid samples of soldiers to be in evidence at the capital of the Empire for the whole world to see. A company apiece would suffice for that purpose, the whole being formed into a battalion on precisely the same footing as the present Guards. If the Colonies liked to give them additional pay, well and good; the Mother Country would only be responsible for treating them in all respects on the same lines as other *corps d'élite*. In the case of the Indian contingent no financial difficulty would present itself, while it would be easy to obtain from the hardy northern races plenty of stalwart soldiers who would suffer no injury from our winter climate. The idea is a taking one, whatever the practical difficulties may be; a regiment so constituted might convince incredulous foreigners that the fighting resources of the British Empire are very inadequately represented by the numerical strength of the home establishment.

The War Estimates

MR. WYNDHAM acted discreetly by describing his scheme of Army organisation as "make-shift." That is its character without question, and it should only be judged from that standpoint. For the present, the one matter of consequence is to keep on strengthening the forces in South Africa until Lord Roberts cries "Hold, enough!" At the same time, we are under stern obligation to provide for home defence, by improvising troops to take the places of those sent to help in upholding the Queen's supremacy south of the Zambesi. When regarded from this limited point of view, but only then, does the War Office scheme appear to be adequate. Mr. Wyndham may possibly discover that he gave too much play to his imagination when estimating that during the spring and summer a mobile force of three Army corps and three cavalry brigades, exclusive of Volunteers, will be under training. But we entirely agree with him in the opinion that the department to which he has added so much strength, both in the House of Commons and at Pall Mall, could not aim at too high an ideal of efficiency. Its main fault during recent years has been that it did not appear to have any ideal at all, being quite satisfied to work in a circuitous groove, ending where it began.

WITH B.P. IN MAFEKING.

"THE DAILY GRAPHIC" SPECIAL NUMBER.

A special 16-page number of the DAILY GRAPHIC was published on Wednesday, March 14, containing a full account of the Siege of Mafeking, illustrated by Sketches from British Officers whose messengers have managed to evade the Boers. A number of complaints have been received from all parts of the country from those who have been unable to purchase a copy of the Special Ladysmith Number, published last week. The only way to avoid a similar disappointment with this number is to send an order *immediately* to the nearest Newsagent, or to the DAILY GRAPHIC, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.

Price ONE PENNY.

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The Queen's Visit to London

THE greatest of all historic occasions are those which are made great by the spontaneous sympathy and enthusiasm of a people, and such an occasion was that of the Queen's visit last week to London. No elaborate preparations were made; the Queen's visit was the fulfilment of no expectation formed long before. Her Majesty, with that instinctive insight into the heart and mind of her people which has never failed her, knew that the moment had come to set the seal by her presence on a loyalty which was seeking some method of expression—and she came. When the Royal train steamed into Paddington, London had already prepared to meet the Queen. From Paddington to the Victoria Gate, from the Victoria Gate through the Park, from Hyde Park Corner to Buckingham Palace, the line of the Queen's subjects—her subjects and her protectors—was unbroken. Through this avenue of her people the Queen drove in an open carriage, with no other escort than a dozen Life Guards and a few mounted police. Is there any other monarch in the world who could do the same? "Faithful retainers," said the *Sieur de Malétoit* on a celebrated occasion, "are the sinews of age." The Queen's retainers are all her subjects. The simplicity of the escort found a complement in the absence of any official decorations. But the people had seen to that detail as well. Thousands of people carried little Union Jacks, and it was possible to mark the Queen's progress along a line of sight that lay open to the view by the waving tumult of the Red, White and Blue. With the Queen's carriage ran a never-ending cheer. When it reached a great open space the cheer changed its treble note—the note of women's and children's voices—for the fuller, deeper note of men's cheers, and the roar of applause suddenly changed once more to the stirring notes of the National Anthem. This happened at Hyde Park Corner and again at Buckingham Palace, where a dense crowd waited outside, and where the Peers and Her Majesty's faithful Commons waited bare-headed inside the gates.

In the afternoon the Queen, still retaining her small but picturesque escort of Life Guards, drove with Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein to the City. In its outward aspect the visit was marked by the same simplicity that characterised every incident of the Queen's visit. Only afterwards was it proved, by the honours which Her Majesty conferred upon the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, that she intended by it to convey a graceful recognition of the strenuous and liberal efforts which the City has made towards bearing the burden of the war. The crowds which had not been able to welcome the Queen in the morning—and many of those that had—turned out to greet her in the afternoon. A pretty incident took place on the Embankment, where the boundary line divides the City from Greater London. Here the Lord Mayor, in the crimson and white-ermined Earl's robe, which it is his privilege to wear when receiving the Queen in the City, awaited her coming. Behind him were ranged the Sheriffs and the Aldermen in their robes of scarlet, and behind them again the mazarine blue of the Common Councillors—an effective composition of red, white and blue which the ladies' dresses and the sombre background of Benches of the Temple aided and abetted. When the Queen's carriage had halted, and the cheering had subsided, the Lord Mayor took the Civic Sword from the Sword Bearer, and held forth its pearl-embroidered scabbard for the Queen to touch. The Queen accepted the token of fealty—touched it and remitted, as is the immemorial custom both of East and West, of Saxon and Celt, of Sikh and Pathan. Following this ancient pleasing ceremony, the Queen beckoned the Lady Mayoress to the carriage, shook hands with her, and drove off amid a thunder of cheers.

The day was not yet finished. At night the lamplit avenue of the Mall, which usually echoes only with the passing of the jingling hansoms, was filled with the noise of an assembling multitude. Not thousands, but tens of thousands of people filled the space between the railings of Buckingham Palace and the railings which overlook the lake. At ten o'clock a light suddenly flamed above the heads of the crowd, and, hesitatingly at first, and in many keys, the vast concourse of people began to sing "God Save the Queen." They sang it in many keys it is true, but the sound of many voices quelled the discord, and transformed it to a harmonious and impressive volume. Best of all, the kindly, gracious lady to whom this tribute was paid signified her acceptance of it. On the next night, when the loyal serenade was repeated, she did more. She followed her son and her grandson, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, to the window, and ordered candelabra to be brought, so that she stood in a blaze of light in full view of her people—for a sign and witness that she understood their devotion and appreciated it.

On Friday the Queen repeated her drive of Thursday afternoon, except that it was made to embrace, not the City, but the western part of London, going by Victoria Street, Trafalgar Square, and the north of Hyde Park, through Kensington and Brompton. In the one essential respect of the recurrent expression of loyalty and enthusiasm on the part of the citizens, the experiences of Friday were those of Thursday. Everywhere, in the street, at every point of vantage, London assembled in its hundreds of thousands to greet the Queen. Her drive was a drive through eight miles of cheers.

Saturday was the day of the Queen's departure, and there was something peculiarly happy and appropriate in the God-speed which the people gave her on that day, because the Saturday afternoon made it a greeting from the working-classes. All those whom the insistent claims of five and a half days' hard work a week had kept from the earlier demonstrations, assembled on the route from Buckingham Palace to Paddington on Saturday afternoon; so that it might be truly said that the splendid tribute of devotion, love, and loyalty which London laid at the Queen's feet in the historic week of March, 1900, was the spontaneous gift of all classes of her people. Saturday was also the one day which was marked by any official ceremony, for just before her departure to Windsor the Queen reviewed in the gardens of Buckingham Palace a number of the Guards who are going to the front. But with a view to keeping this Queenly duty to her soldiers quite apart from the meeting with her people, the Queen made this inspection not a public but a private ceremony.

WHEN Drawing Rooms are being held at Buckingham Palace, the London season may be considered fairly launched. Twice this week—on Tuesday and Thursday—the Princess of Wales has represented the Queen at the Drawing Room, receiving a large number of *adbitantes*. Naturally, in these war times, the shadow of mourning falls even over Court ceremonies, so that the toilettes have been of quieter tone than usual.

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All Applications or Remittances should be sent direct to the Publishers, THE GRAPHIC OFFICE, 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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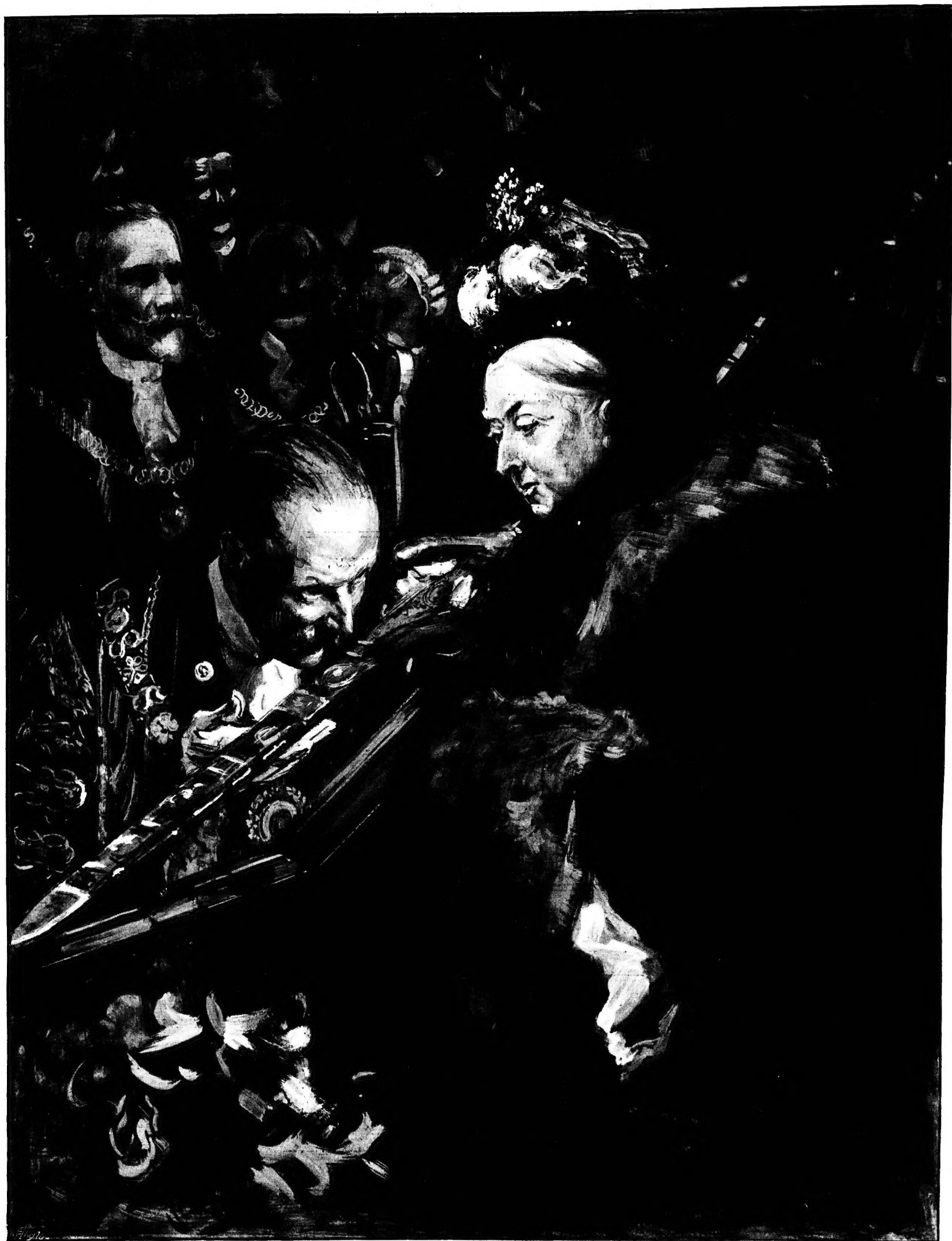
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ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.



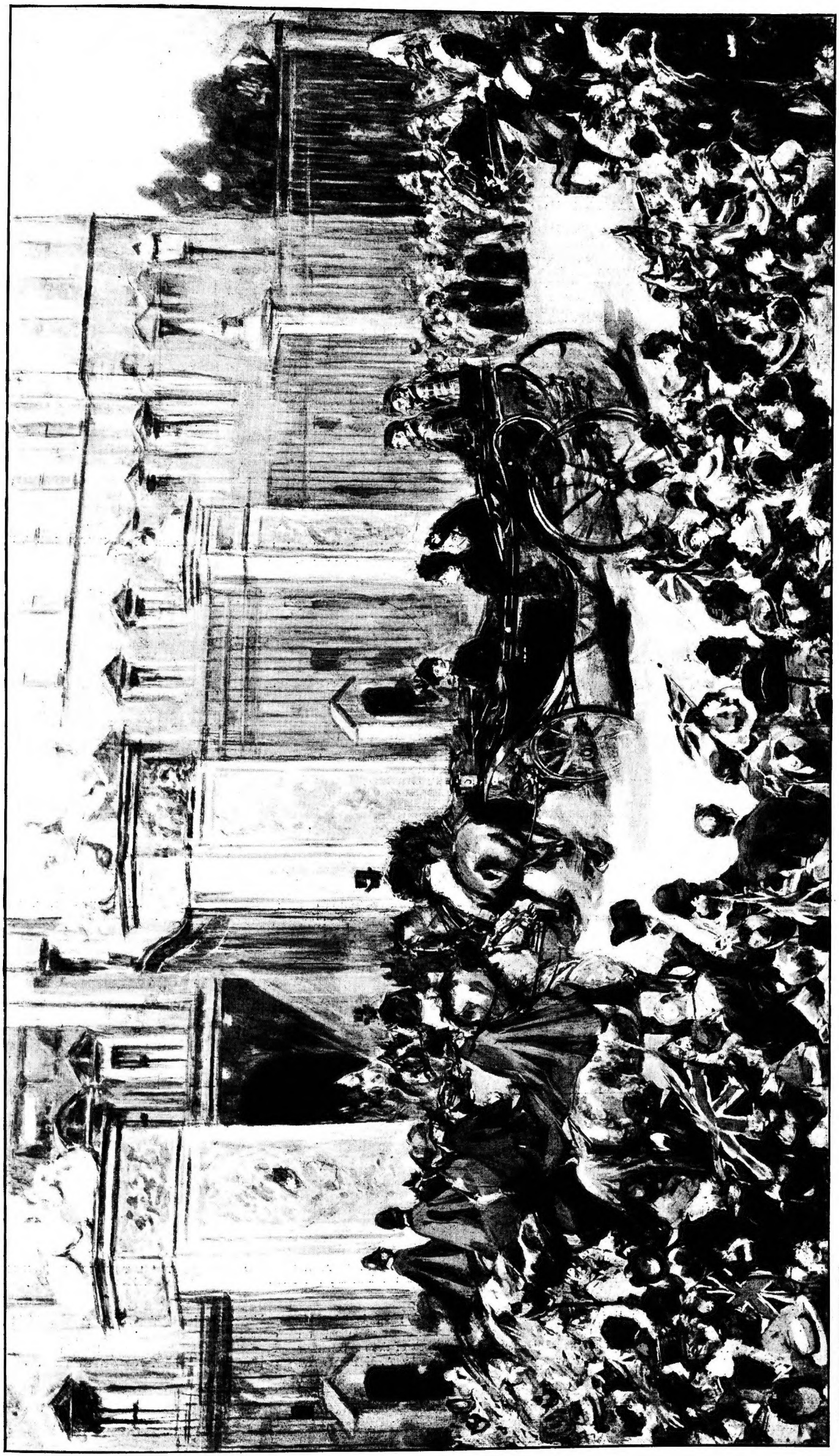
DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON

The Queen arrived in London on Thursday morning last week, and in the afternoon drove through the streets and visited the City. All along the route Her Majesty was greeted by immense crowds, who lined the pathway. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Christian. From the Palace the Queen drove to the Embankment, and at Westminster was received with the greatest enthusiasm by a vast crowd. Thence along the Embankment, past lanes of people, the Royal procession came to the City boundary at the Temple, where the prettiest incident of the drive took place at the point

which marks the City boundary. Here the Lord Mayor, in crimson robes and white ermine, awaited Her Majesty. With him were the Aldermen in scarlet robes and the Common Council in mazarine blue. On the Queen's arrival, the Lord Mayor presented the Civic Sword of State in token of fealty, which Her Majesty touched and returned. Then, having addressed some kindly words to the Lady Mayoress, Her Majesty drove on amid an outburst of cheering.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO LONDON: THE LORD MAYOR PRESENTING THE STATE SWORD TO HER MAJESTY



DRAWN BY W. BATHERELL, R.I.

Vast crowds assembled to see the Queen on her arrival in London, and all along the route from Fuddington the streets were filled with people anxious to give their venerable Sovereign a hearty welcome, but it was alongside Buckingham Palace that the crowd was densest. Long before Her Majesty had even started from Windsor the crowd began to gather along the front of the Palace, and from there to Constitution Hill, and across the roadway to Hyde Park Corner, as time went on, the mass of humanity grew larger and larger, forming up in ranks ten deep on either side of the road. The space in front of the main entrance was kept clear, and

at the next gate the police received and passed into the quadrangle the members of the two Houses of Parliament, who assembled betimes to receive the Queen. At length the Queen arrived, and the crowd burst into a frenzy of enthusiasm. After the carriage had turned into the gate and entered the quadrangle, where were assembled the members of the Houses of Lords and Commons, Her Majesty bowed to all, and received from all a deep reverence. Arrived at the Royal entrance, the Queen was received by the Earl of Hopetoun, the Lord Chamberlain, and members of the Cabinet. And then it was that the Lords and

FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON

Commons found that cheers and hails, were not a sufficient expression of their feelings. The Queen was descending from her carriage, and in another moment would be out of sight, and so, without stopping to consider precedent or etiquette, they, one and all, burst forth with "God Save the Queen," so that the Palace walls rang again. Answering cheers broke from the crowd outside, and so, with song and with cheers from all estates of the realm, their Queen and Empress passed into her Palace.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO LONDON: HER MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Victims of the War

CAPTAIN ALICK T. ENGLAND, of the 1st Battalion of the Derbyshire Regiment (Sherwood Foresters), who died at Sterkstroom of enteric fever on February 24, was thirty years of age. He entered the Derbyshire Regiment from the Military College as a second-lieutenant on August 22, 1888, obtained his lieutenancy on July 20, 1890, and his company on July 31, 1895. He was a student at the Staff College from January, 1897, to the time of his passing out last year, immediately upon the outbreak of the war. Our portrait is by Martin Jacolette, South Kensington.

Second Lieutenant Charles Patrick Marjoribanks Craigie-Halkett, of the 1st Battalion of the Highland Light Infantry, who was killed at Modder River, was born on August 25, 1876, and entered the Highland Light Infantry on February 20, 1897. In 1897-8 he

Three years ago he was thanked by the Commander-in-Chief for a valuable report on the French artillery. At the outbreak of the war he went to the Cape at his own expense, joined General Gatacre's headquarters, and offered him his services. They were accepted, and Hoskier did admirable work with Brabant's Horse first and subsequently with Montmorency's Scouts. He was the youngest colonel in the Volunteer service, being only thirty-nine. Our portrait is by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.

Captain Walter Levinge Thurburn, of the 2nd Royal Fusiliers, who was killed in the fighting on the Tugela, was appointed from the Militia as second lieutenant in 1891. He was made lieutenant in 1893, and received his captaincy in January of last year. Our portrait is by C. Knight, Aldershot.

Captain Herbert Scholfield Sykes, killed in the advance on Ladysmith, was born on June 2, 1883, and entered the Royal

Lieutenant Basil Hepburn Hastie, of the 2nd Royal West Surrey Regiment, killed in the advance on Ladysmith, was twenty-five years of age. He entered the regiment from the Militia on July 22, 1896, obtaining his lieutenant's commission on March 5, 1898. Our portrait is by A. Debenham, Southsea.

Second Lieutenant Cornelius Joseph Daly, killed in the advance on Ladysmith, had just attained his 22nd year. He entered the 2nd Irish Fusiliers from the Militia on January 4, 1899. Our portrait is by W. Gill, Colchester.

Captain Richard Wartyr Waldy, 2nd Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment, died of wounds received near Paardeberg. He was born in 1868, and joined the Army through the Militia in 1889. He served with the Isazai Expedition in 1892, and with the Chitral Relief Force in 1895. Our portrait is by H. Bullingham, South Kensington.



THE LATE CAPTAIN H. S. SYKES
Killed during the advance on Ladysmith



THE LATE LIEUTENANT B. H. HASTIE
Killed in the advance on Ladysmith



THE LATE LIEUTENANT C. J. DALY
Killed in the advance on Ladysmith



THE LATE LIEUT.-COLONEL HOSKIER
Killed at Stormberg



THE LATE CAPTAIN R. W. WALDY
Died of wounds received at Paardeberg



THE LATE CAPTAIN W. L. THURBURN
Killed in the advance on Ladysmith



THE LATE MAJOR CHILDE
Killed at Bastion Hill



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. C. CONINGHAM
Died of wounds received near Rensburg



THE LATE LIEUT. C. A. P. TARBUTT
Died a prisoner at Pretoria of typhoid fever



THE LATE LIEUT. CRAIGIE HALKETT
Killed in the advance on Kimberley



THE LATE CAPTAIN A. T. ENGLAND
Died at Sterkstroom of enteric fever



THE LATE MAJOR VERNON LEWIS
Killed in the advance on Ladysmith

was engaged in the campaign on the North-West Frontier of India, under Sir William Lockhart. Our portrait is by Heath, Plymouth.

Lieutenant-Colonel F. H. Hoskier, one of the first Volunteer officers to be killed in the war, lost his life in the same little engagement as Captain de Montmorency, when a small party of Montmorency's Scouts were cut up near Stormberg. He was born in August, 1866, and made his first connection with the Volunteers by joining the London Irish as lieutenant in March, 1885. Three years later he obtained his captaincy, but resigned twelve months afterwards, and in the early part of 1890 he became lieutenant in the 3rd Middlesex Volunteer Artillery. His rise was rapid with his new regiment, as he obtained his major's rank in 1896, and was nominated colonel commandant on August 3, 1898. Under his command the 3rd Middlesex reached a high state of efficiency. Colonel Hoskier, who in private life was a member of the Stock Exchange and wealthy, proved himself an officer of great merit.

Scots Fusiliers from the Militia on May 6, 1885, obtaining his captaincy on August 25, 1894. From November, 1894, till November last he was adjutant at Kilmarnock of the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Regiment. Our portrait is by A. McGregor and Sons, Kilmarnock.

Lieutenant Charles A. Percy Tarbutt, of the South African Light Horse, who died at Pretoria, on February 13, of typhoid fever, was the son of Mr. Percy Tarbutt, of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, and a brother of Mr. P. C. Tarbutt, the popular captain of the Blackheath Football Club. Almost as soon as Lieutenant Tarbutt had landed in South Africa he was offered a lieutenant's commission in the South African Light Horse, for which his knowledge of the country and his magnificent physique peculiarly fitted him. He was reported "missing" after the battle of Colenso, and was wounded and taken prisoner to Pretoria, where he has since succumbed to typhoid.

Major Childe, of the South African Light Horse, formerly captain in the Royal Horse Guards, who was killed in action at Potgieter's on January 20, was born in 1853, and was the eldest son of the late Mr. Childe-Pemberton, of Millichope Hall, Shropshire. He was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford, and subsequently entered the Royal Horse Guards. He served in the Egyptian Expeditions of 1882, and was present at Tel-el-Kebir and Kassassin. He retired from the Blues some years ago, and discontinued the name of Pemberton on succeeding to the old family estate of Kinlet, in Shropshire. He married in 1884 a daughter of Mr. Montgomery, of Gothenburg, Sweden. Major Childe was one of the first to volunteer for service in the present war, and was given command of a squadron of the South African Light Horse. His death, says *Truth*, has caused deep and universal sorrow in the Bewdley and Bridgnorth districts. He owned the fine family estate of Kinlet, which is one of the largest and most valuable in Shropshire, and the Hall is a



Potgieter's Drift is the point at which General Lyttelton's brigade first crossed the River Tugela at the time of General Buller's second attempt to relieve Ladysmith. It lies, together with Trichard's Drift and Waggon Drift, south of Spion Kop, Potgieter's being on the east, Waggon Drift on the west, and Trichard's

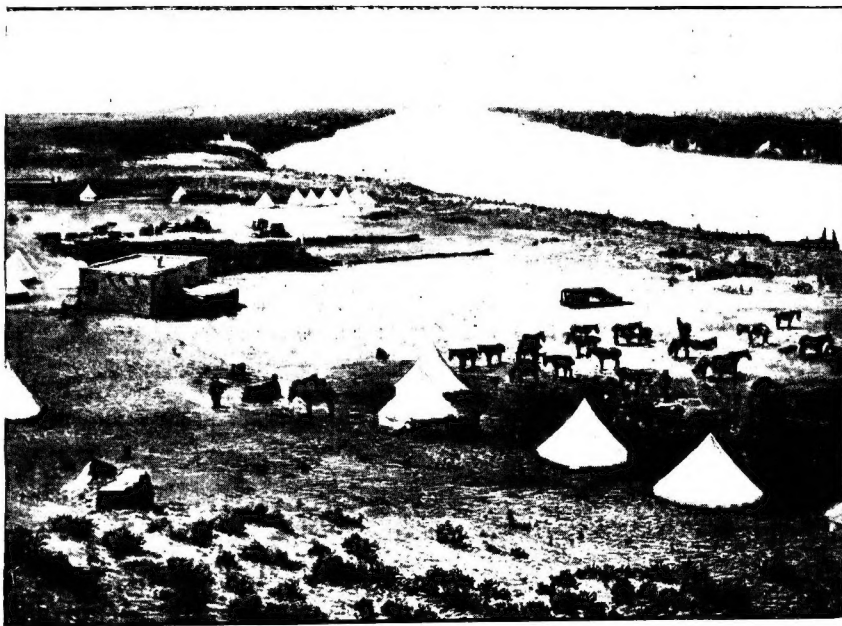
on the west. Our illustration, which is from a photograph by J. E. Middlebrook, Durban, shows the Boer position on the heights above the drift

PANORAMIC VIEW OF POTGIETER'S DRIFT ON THE RIVER TUGELA

grand old place with a beautiful park. Major Childe was a man of most genial and pleasant manners, a very generous and considerate landlord, a keen sportsman, most liberal in his charities, and very hospitable. Major Childe succeeded his father in the estate of Millichope, in Shropshire, but he sold this property when he came into Kinlet on the death of his uncle. He leaves no children, and the Kinlet estate passes to his brother, who is married to a sister of Lord Darnley. Our photograph is by R. L. Bartlett, Shrewsbury.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Coningham, who died on February 13 of wounds received near Rensburg, was the youngest son of the late Lieutenant-General Henry Coningham, of the Madras Light Cavalry. His five elder brothers were all in the Army. He was born in 1857 and gazetted lieutenant in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers in 1872. He served in the Sudan in 1885-6, was adjutant to the Militia from December, 1889, to December, 1894, and in 1899 was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and very shortly afterwards sailed for South Africa with the 2nd Worcester Regiment.

Captain and Brevet-Major Vernon Lewis, of the 2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers, killed in the advance on Ladysmith, was born on September 4, 1871, entered his regiment as a second lieutenant on January 27, 1892, and became lieutenant on March 20, 1894. He took part in the operations

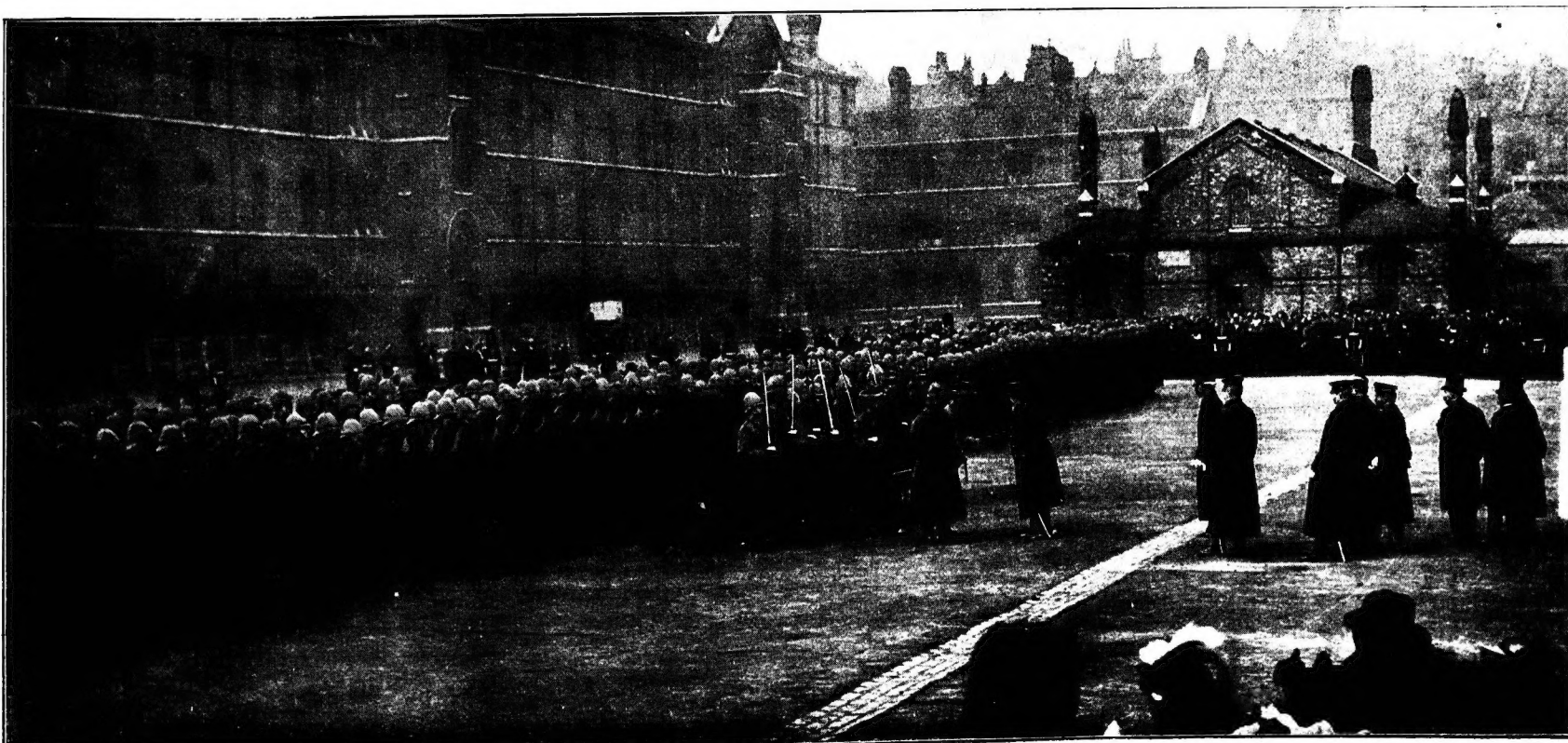


Zoutspan is on the Orange River, about eight miles south-east of Orange River Station. It was the first portion of the Orange Free State to be occupied by our troops. The camp here shown is that of detachments of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the Shropshire Light Infantry, and the New South Wales Medical Corps

ON THE LINES OF COMMUNICATION: THE CAMP AT ZOUTSPAN

with the Chitral Relief Force, under Sir Robert Low, as signalling officer with the 1st Brigade. In 1897 he was seconded for service with the West African Frontier Force, and from November 27 of that year till September 23 last was so employed on staff service, taking part, in 1898, in the operations on the Niger, including the expedition to Lapia, for which he obtained mention in despatches, and was honourably mentioned by the Colonial Office, and recommended for promotion. He was accordingly awarded the medal with clasp and the brevet of major, dated October 10, 1899, his commission as captain bearing date the preceding day. Our portrait is by W. Bates, Chertsey.

THE CHARITY TEA FOR THE HOSPITAL SHIP "MAINE," organised by Mrs. Langtry at New York, had some amusing features. The were no fascinating young ladies at the refreshment stall or American bar because a Temperance Society invoked the "barmaid law" of New York State, which prohibits women selling liquor. So at the last moment the fashionable damsels who had arranged to officiate had to give place to gentlemen who got themselves up as barmen. The various drinks had duly topical names. There was a "Kopje climber," alias a mint julep, a "Dum-dum," and a "Maine brace," whilst a "Garden Lily" and a "Degenerate's Smile" suggested the organiser of the enterprise and her latest dramatic success.



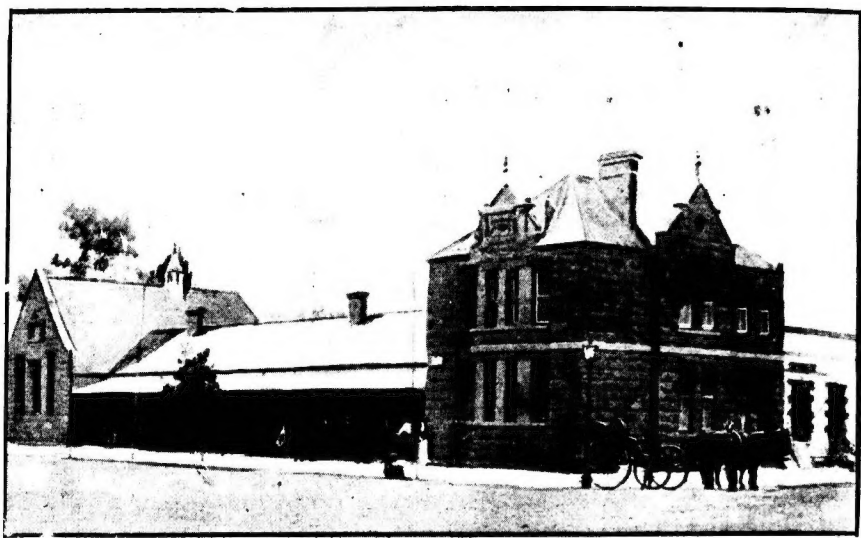
The Prince of Wales inspected three companies of the Imperial Yeomanry, numbering in all 364 men, at the Chelsea Barracks last week. Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Colvin, D.A.A.G., Special Corps, Imperial Yeomanry, was in command. The three companies were Nos. 51 and 52 of Paget's Corps, and No. 67 Company Sharpshooters (Lord Dunraven's Corps). The Prince having passed down the lines with Major-General Trotter, addressed the contingent as follows:—"Officers and men—I am very glad to have the opportunity of coming here to-day to see you, and wish you God-speed and a safe return. I may say that I

never saw a finer body of men, and I feel sure you will render most valuable service in South Africa. I know your wish is to serve your Queen and country, like every other soldier in Her Majesty's Army. I am sure you will do credit to yourselves, and my earnest wish is that as many as possible of you may come back again." The men then gave three cheers for the Prince, at the call of Colonel Colvin. The officers were then presented to the Prince, who soon afterwards drove away, amid the cheers of the vast crowds in and around the parade-ground. Our illustration is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY: INSPECTION AT CHELSEA BARRACKS



THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS

Aliwal North is situated on the Orange River, which forms there the boundary between the Orange Free State and Cape Colony. It has a population of about 2,500. The new Government Buildings, shown in our illustration, were opened in October, 1896, while the handsome Public School was only recently completed. When the Boers began their invasion of Cape Colony, between Bethulie and Aliwal North, they demanded

the keys of the Government Buildings, in the latter town, of Mr. Hugo, the resident magistrate, and hoisted their flag in front of the building. They were speedily joined by the rebel Colonists, and things assumed a serious turn for the residents in the North of Cape Colony. Now, however, numerous disloyal Colonists are said to be laying down their arms, and are returning to their farms as the British advance.

ALIWAL NORTH, ON THE FREE STATE FRONTIER

Music of the Week

THE opening of the eighty-eighth annual Philharmonic Season was the principal event of the week, the more especially as the occasion served for the reappearance of Mr. F. H. Cowen, who, down to eight years ago, was the Society's conductor, but who resigned upon the question whether the eminent foreign composer-conductors, who then were frequent visitors to the Philharmonic, were to be allowed to monopolise the rehearsals, to the detriment of the titular conductor and to the neglect of the ordinary works of the repertory. The matter has now almost settled itself. In the first place, the list of great foreign composers able and willing to visit this country has almost been exhausted, and, in the second, the programmes have been made much shorter than they were a few years ago, and accordingly there is ample time for adequate preparation at the two rehearsals which the Society allow. Nevertheless, it is generally admitted that the orchestra, composed as it is of some of the finest players of the day, has of late become more or less demoralised, and it will take some little time to restore the high standard at which the Philharmonic Society have always aimed. There was, at any rate, an immense improvement at the opening

concert last week, particularly in regard to the performance of Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E Flat, the orchestral portions of which (except, perhaps, as to the first movement) were given with a finish to which Philharmonic habitués have for some time past been strangers. Also the solo part was played in her best manner by Madame Carreño, and the slow movement indeed has not been so deliciously rendered for a great many years. The novelty was an "Overture Dramatique" by Mr. Otto Manns, a nephew of the Crystal Palace conductor. It is a promising piece of workmanship, redolent of Wagner.

Next Monday the 1,500th Popular Concert will take place at St. James's Hall, and the occasion will doubtless be a special one; for 1,500 Chamber Concerts to be given in the space of forty-two years in one hall constitutes a "record" in British musical history. On this occasion it is understood M. Ysaye, who is now paying a flying visit to Germany, will return to lead the quartet, and it is hoped next season he will be a regular visitor at the Pops.

At the Crystal Palace on Saturday we had a new Symphony by Mr. W. H. Bell, whose Symphonic Poems upon the subject of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" have already been heard here. The Symphony as a whole delighted the audience, and Mr. Bell had a most enthusiastic recall.

Mr. Wood has now settled certain details in regard to his "London Musical Festival," which is announced to be held at Queen's Hall from April 30 to May 5. The Lamoureux Orchestra from Paris will again come over for this Festival, but will this time be associated at every concert with the Queen's Hall orchestra, so that the complete band will number something like 200 players.

Mr. August Manns, on Monday, attained the fine old age of seventy-five years, nearly forty-five years of which he has spent in the service of the Crystal Palace. Happily he is still in excellent health, and is as fit for work as many men half his age. On Monday his band gave him a surprise birthday present, a laurel wreath decorated with the national colours.

Young Siegfried Wagner's comic opera, *Die Bühnenkätzchen*, was produced nearly three years ago in Germany, but it has not yet been given in England. Arrangements are, however, as we understand, in progress for its production at the Lyceum. Mr. Schulz-Curtius has the option of the Lyceum for several weeks in the months of February and March next year, and the work will then probably be produced. Herr Siegfried Wagner is now in Paris, where he, last Sunday, was announced to conduct the Colonne Concert.



The excitement in Cape Town was great when the news arrived that Kimberley had at last been relieved. Men, women, and children gathered in the street and sang patriotic songs. The crowd marched in hundreds

through the streets, bearing the Union flag at their head. Outside Government House the crowd stood rows deep cheering. Our illustration is from a photograph by B. Fyne and Co.

"KIMBERLEY RELIEVED": CHEERING THE NEWS OUTSIDE THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE AT CAPE TOWN



"A man lounged out from behind a tree carelessly shouldering his rifle. He was tall but slightly built, with an amused critical manner, and nothing about him to suggest the bloodthirsty assassin. He met Brice halfway, dropping his rifle slantingly across his breast with his hands lightly grasping the lock, and gazed at the young man curiously."

A NIECE OF "SNAPSHOT HARRY'S"

By BRET HARTE. Illustrated by G. P. JACOMB-HOOD

PART II.

THE robbery furnished the usual amount of copy for the local Press. There was the inevitable compliment to Yuba Bill for his well-known coolness; the conduct of the young Expressman, "who, though new to the service, displayed an intrepidity that only succumbed to numbers," was highly commended, and even the passengers received their meed of praise, not forgetting the lady, "who accepted the incident with the light-hearted pleasantry characteristic of the Californian woman." There was the usual allusion to the necessity of a Vigilance Committee to cope with this "organised lawlessness," but it is to be feared that the readers of the *Red Dog Clarion*, however ready to lynch a horse thief, were of the opinion that rich stage express companies were quite able to take care of their own property.

It was with full cognisance of these facts and their uselessness to him, that the next morning Mr. Ned Brice turned from the road where the coach had just halted on the previous night and approached the settler's cabin. If a little less sanguine than he was in Yuba Bill's presence, he was still doggedly inflexible in his design, whatever it might have been, for he had not revealed it even to Yuba Bill. It was his own; it was probably crude and youthful in its directness, but for that reason it was probably more convincing than the vacillations of older counsel.

He paused a moment at the closed door, conscious, however, of some hurried movement within which signified that his approach had been observed. The door was opened and disclosed only the old woman. The same dogged expression was on her face as when he had last seen it, with the addition of querulous expectancy. In reply to his polite "Good morning," she abruptly faced him with her hands still on the door.

"Ye kin stop right there! Ef yer wantin' to make any talk about

this yar robbery ye might ez well skedaddle to onct, for we ain't 'takin' any' to-day!"

"I have no wish to talk about the robbery," said Brice quietly, "and as far as I can prevent it, you will not be troubled by any questions. If you doubt my word, or the intentions of the company, perhaps you will kindly read that."

He drew from his pocket a still damp copy of the *Red Dog Clarion* and pointed to a paragraph.

"Wot's that?" she said querulously, feeling for her spectacles.

"Shall I read it?"

"Go on."

He read it slowly aloud. I grieve to say it had been jointly concocted the night before at the office of the *Clarion* by himself and the young journalist—the latter's assistance being his own personal tribute to the graces of Miss Flo. It read as follows:—

"The greatest assistance was rendered by Hiram Tarbox, Esq., a resident of the vicinity, in removing the obstruction, which was, no doubt, the preliminary work of some of the robber gang, and in providing hospitality for the delayed passengers. In fact, but for the timely warning of Yuba Bill by Mr. Tarbox, the coach might have crashed into the tree at that dangerous point, and an accident ensued more disastrous to life and limb than the robbery itself."

The sudden and unmistakable delight that expanded the old woman's mouth was so convincing that it might have given Brice a tinge of remorse over the success of his stratagem had he not been utterly absorbed in his purpose.

"Hiram!" she shouted suddenly.

The old man appeared from some back door with a promptness that proved his near proximity, and glanced angrily at Brice until he caught sight of his wife's face. Then his anger changed to wonder.

"Read that again, young fella," she said exultingly.

Brice re-read the paragraph aloud for Mr. Tarbox's benefit.

"That 'ar 'Hiram Tarbox, Esquire,' means you, Hiram," she gasped, in delighted explanation.

Hiram seized the paper, read the paragraph himself, spread out the whole page, examined it carefully, and then a fatuous grin began slowly to extend itself over his whole face, invading his eyes and ears until the heavy, harsh, dogged lines of his nostrils and jaws had utterly disappeared.

"B'Gosh!" he said, "that's square! Kin I keep it?"

"Certainly," said Brice. "I brought it for you."

"Is that all ye came for?" said Hiram, with sudden suspicion.

"No," said the young man frankly. Yet he hesitated a moment as he added: "I would like to see Miss Flora."

His hesitation and heightened colour were more disarming to suspicion than the most elaborate and carefully prepared indifference. With their knowledge and pride in their relative's fascinations they felt it could have but one meaning! Hiram wiped his mouth with his hand, assumed a demure expression, glanced at his wife, and answered:

"She ain't here now."

Mr. Brice's face displayed his disappointment. But the true lover holds a talisman potent with old and young. Mrs. Tarbox felt a sneaking maternal pity for this suddenly stricken Strephon.

"She's gone home," she added more gently—"went at sun up this mornin'."

"Home," repeated Brice. "Where's that?"

Mrs. Tarbox looked at her husband and hesitated. Then she said—a little in her old dogged manner—"her uncle's."

"Can you direct me the way there?" asked Brice simply.

The astonishment in their faces presently darkened into suspicion again. "Ef that's your little game," began Hiram with a lowering brow—

"I have no little game but to see her and speak with her," said Brice boldly. "I am alone and unarmed, as you see," he continued, pointing to his empty belt and small despatch bag slung on his shoulder, "and certainly unable to do anyone any harm. I am willing to take what risks there are. And as no one knows of my intention, nor of my coming here, whatever might happen to me, no one need know it. You would be safe from questioning."

There was that hopeful determination in his manner that overrode their resigned doggedness. "Ef we knew how to direct you thar," said the old woman cautiously, "ye'd be killed outer hand afore ye even set eyes on the girl. The house is in a holler with hills kept by spies; ye'll be a dead man as soon as ye crossed its boundary."

"Wot do you know about it?" interrupted her husband quickly, in querulous warning. "Wot are ye talkin' about?"

"You leave me alone, Hiram! I ain't goin' to let that young feller get popped off without a show—or without knowin' jest wot he's got to tackle—nohow ye kin fix it! And can't ye see he's bound to go, whatever ye says."

Mr. Tarbox saw this fact plainly in Brice's eyes, and hesitated.

"The most that I kin tell ye," he said gloomily, "is the way the gal takes when she goes from here—but how far it is, or if it ain't a blind, I can't swar, for I hev'n bin thar myself, and Harry never comes here but on an off night, when the coach ain't runnin' and thar's no travel." He stopped suddenly and uneasily, as if he had said too much.

"Thar ye go, Hiram, and ye talk of others gabblin'! So ye might as well tell the young feller how that thar ain't but one way, and that's the way Harry takes too when he comes yer onct in an age to talk to his own and flesh and blood, and see a Christian face that ain't agin him!"

Mr. Tarbox was silent. "Ye know whar the tree was thrown down on the road," he said at last, doggedly.

"Yes."

"The mountain rises straight up on the right side of the road, all hazel brush and thorn—whar a goat couldn't climb."

"Yes."

"But that's a lie! for thar's a little trail, not a foot wide, runs up from the road for a mile, keepin' it in view all the while, but bein' hidden by the brush. Ye kin see everything from thar, and hear a teamster spit in the road."

"Go on," said Brice impatiently.

"Then it goes up and over the ridge, and down the other side into a little gulch until it comes to the Cañon of the North Fork, where the stage road crosses over the bridge high up. The trail winds round the bank of the Fork, and comes out on the left side of the stage road about a thousand feet below it. That's the valley and hollow whar Harry lives, and that's the only way it can be found. For all along the left of the stage road is a sheer pitch down that thousand feet, whar no one kin get up or down."

"I understand," said Brice with sparkling eyes. "I'll find my way all right."

"And when ye git thar—look out for yourself!" put in the woman earnestly. "Ye may have regular greenhorn's luck and pick up Flo afore ye cross the boundary, for she's that bold that when she gets lonesome o' stayin' thar she goes wanderin' out o' bounds."

"Hev ye any weppin—any shootin' iron about ye?" asked Tarbox with a latent suspicion.

The young man smiled, and again showed his empty belt. "None!" he said truthfully.

"I ain't sure ef that ain't the safest thing arter all with a shot like Harry," remarked the old man grimly.

"Well, so long!" he added, and turned away. It was clearly a leave-taking, and Brice, warmly thanking them both, returned to the road.

It was not far to the scene of the obstruction, yet but for Tarbox's timely hint, the little trail up the mountain side would have escaped his observation. Ascending, he soon found himself creeping along a narrow ledge of rock hidden from the road that ran fifty yards below by a thick network growth of thorn and bramble, which still enabled him to see its whole parallel length. Perilous in the extreme to any hesitating foot, at one point directly above the obstruction, the ledge itself was missing—broken away by the fall of the tree from the forest crest higher up. For an instant Brice stood sizzly and irresolute before the gap. Looking down for a foothold, his eye caught the faint imprint of a woman's shoe on a clayey rock projecting midway of the chasm. It must have been the young girl's footprint made that morning, for the narrow toe was pointed in the direction she would go! Where she could pass should he shrink from going? Without further hesitation he twined his fingers around the roots above him, and half swung, half pulled himself along until he once more felt the ledge below him. From time to time along the difficult track the narrow little toe print pointed the way to him—like an arrow through the wilds. It was a pleasant thought and yet a perplexing one. Would he have undertaken this quest just to see her? Would he be content with that if his other motive failed? For, as he made his way up to the ridge he was more than once assailed by doubts of the practical success of his enterprise. In the excitement of last night, and even the hopefulness of the early morning, it seemed an easy thing to persuade the vain and eccentric highwayman that their interests might be identical, and to convince him that his, Brice's, assistance to recover the stolen greenbacks and ensure the punishment of the robber—with the possible addition of a reward from the Express Company—would be an inducement for them to work together. The risks that he was running seemed to his youthful fancy to atone for any defects in his logic or his plans. Yet, as he crossed the ridge leaving the civilised highway behind him, and descended the narrow trail which grew wilder at each step, his arguments seemed no longer so convincing. He now hurried forward, however, with a feverish haste to anticipate the worst that might befall him. The trail grew more intricate in the deep ferns; the friendly little footprint had vanished in this primeval wilderness; as he pushed through the gorge he could hear at last the roar of the North Fork forcing its way through the cañon that crossed the gorge at right angles. At last he reached its current, shut in by two narrow precipitous walls that were spanned five hundred feet above by the stage road over a perilous bridge. As he approached the gloomy cañon he remembered that the river, seen

from above, seemed to have no banks, but to have cut its way through the solid rock. He found, however, a faint ledge made by caught driftwood from the current and the debris of the overhanging cliffs. Again the narrow footprint on the ooze was his guide. At last, emerging from the cañon, a strange view burst upon his sight. The river turned abruptly to the right, and following the mountain side left a small hollow completely walled in by the surrounding heights. To his left was the ridge he had descended from on the other side, and he now understood the singular détour he had made. He was on the other side of the stage road also, which ran along the mountain shelf a thousand feet above him. The wall, a sheer cliff, made the hollow inaccessible from that side. Little hills covered with buckeye encompassed it. It looked like a sylvan retreat, and yet was as secure in its isolation and approaches as the outlaw's den that it was.

He was gazing at the singular prospect when a shot rang in the air. It seemed to come from a distance, and he interpreted it as a signal. But it was followed presently by another, and putting his hand to his hat to keep it from falling, he found that the upturned brim had been pierced by a bullet. He stopped at this evident hint, and taking his despatch bag from his shoulder placed it significantly upon a boulder, and looked around as if to await the appearance of the unseen marksman. The rifle shot rang out again, the bag quivered, and turned over with a bullet hole through it!

He took out his white handkerchief and waved it—another shot followed, and it was snapped from his fingers and drifted away, torn from corner to corner. A feeling of desperation and fury seized him; he was being played with by a masked and skilful assassin, who only waited until it pleased him to fire the deadly shot! But this time he could see the rifle smoke drifting from under a sycamore not a hundred yards away. He set his white lips together, but with a determined face and unflinching step walked directly towards it. In another moment he believed and almost hoped that all would be over. With such a marksman he would not be maimed, but killed outright.

He had not covered half the distance before a man lounged out from behind the tree carelessly shouldering his rifle. He was tall but slightly built, with an amused critical manner, and nothing about him to suggest the bloodthirsty assassin. He met Brice half way, dropping his rifle slantingly across his breast with his hands lightly grasping the lock, and gazed at the young man curiously.

"You look as if you'd had a big scare, old man, but you've clear grit for all that!" he said with a critical and reassuring smile. "Now, what are you doing here? Stay!" he continued, as Brice's parched lips prevented him from replying immediately. "I ought to know your face. Hello! you're the Expressman!" His glance suddenly shifted and swept past Brice over the ground beyond him to the entrance of the hollow, but his smile returned as he apparently satisfied himself that the young man was alone.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want to see Snapshot Harry," said Brice with an effort; his voice came back more slowly than his colour, but that was perhaps hurried by a sense of shame at his physical weakness.

"What you want is a drop o' whiskey!" said the stranger, good-humouredly, taking his arm, "and we'll find it in that shanty just behind the tree." To Brice's surprise a few steps in that direction revealed a fair-sized cabin with a slight pretentiousness about it of neatness, comfort, and picturesque effect far superior to the Tarbox shanty. A few flowers were in boxes on the window—signs, as Brice fancied, of feminine taste. When they reached the threshold, some what of this quality was also visible in the interior. When Brice had partaken of the whiskey, the stranger, who had kept silence, pointed to a chair and said, smilingly:

"I am Henry Dimwood, *alias* Snapshot Harry, and this is my house."

"I came to speak with you about the robbery of greenbacks from the coach last night," began Brice, hurriedly, with a sudden access of hope at his reception. "I mean, of course"—he stopped and hesitated—"the actual robbery before you stopped us."

"What!" said Harry, springing to his feet, "do you mean to say you knew it?"

Brice's heart sank, but he remained steadfast and truthful. "Yes," he said, "I knew it when I handed down the box. I saw that the lock had been forced, but I snapped it together again. It was my fault—perhaps I should have warned you—but I am solely to blame."

"Did Yuba Bill know of it?" asked the highwayman, with singular excitement.

"Not at the time, I give you my word!" replied Brice quickly, thinking only of loyalty to his old comrade. "I never told him till we reached the station."

"And he knew it, then?" repeated Harry eagerly.

"Yes."

"Did he say anything? Did he do anything? Did he look astonished?"

Brice remembered Bill's uncontrollable merriment, but replied vaguely and diplomatically, "He was certainly astonished."

A laugh gathered in Snapshot Harry's eyes which at last overspread his whole face, and finally shook his frame as he sat helplessly down again. Then, wiping his eyes, he said in a shaky voice:

"It would have been sure death to have trusted myself near that station, but I think I'd have risked it just to have seen Bill's face when you told him! Just think of it! Bill, who was a match for anybody! Bill, who was never caught napping! Bill, who only wanted supreme control of things to wipe me off the face of the earth! Bill, who knew how everything was done and could stop it if he chose, and then to have been *robbed twice in one evening by my gang!* Yes, sir! Yuba Bill and his rotten old coach were *gone through twice inside half an hour by the gang!*"

"Then you knew of it too?" said Brice in uneasy astonishment.

"Afterwards, my young friend—like Yuba Bill—afterwards." He stopped; his whole expression changed. "It was done by two sneaking hounds," he said sharply; "one whom I suspected before, and one, a new hand, a pal of his. They were detached to watch the coach and be satisfied that the greenbacks were aboard, for it isn't my style to 'hold up' except for something special. They were to take seats on the coach as far as Ringwood Station, three

miles below where we held you up, and to get out there and pass the word to us that it was all right. They didn't—that made us a little extra careful seeing something was wrong, but never suspecting them. We found out afterwards that they got one of my scouts to cut down that tree, saying it was my orders and a part of our game, calculating in the stoppage and confusion to collar the swag and get off with it. Without knowing it you played into their hands by going into Tarbox's cabin."

"But how did you know this?" interrupted Brice in wonder.

"They forgot one thing," continued Snapshot Harry grimly.

"They forgot that half an hour before and half an hour after a stage is stopped we have that road patrolled every foot of it. While I was opening the box in the brush the two fools, sneaking along the road, came slap upon one of my patrols, and then tried to run for it. One was dropped, but before he was plugged full of holes and hung up on a tree he confessed, and said the other man who escaped had the greenbacks."

Brice's face fell. "Then they are lost," he said bitterly.

"Not unless he eats them—as he may want to do before I'm done on him. For he must either starve or come out. That road is still watched by my men from Tarbox's cabin to the bridge. He's there somewhere, and can't get any forward or backward. Look!" he said rising, and going to the door. "That road," he pointed to the stage road—a narrow ledge flanked on one side by a precipitous mountain wall, and on the other by an equally precipitate descent—"is his limit and tether—and he can't escape on either side."

"But the trail?"

"There is but one entrance to it—the way you came, and that is guarded too. From the time you entered it until you reached the bottom you were signalled here from point to point! // would have been dropped! I merely gave you a hint of what might have happened to you if you were up to any little game! You took it like a white man. Come now! What is your business?"

Thus challenged Brice plunged with youthful hopefulness into his plan; if, as he voiced it, it seemed to him a little extravagant he was buoyed up by the frankness of the highwayman, who also had treated the double robbery with a levity that seemed almost as extravagant. He suggested that they should work together to recover the money; that the Express Company should know that the unprecedented stealthy introduction of robbers in the guise of passengers was not Snapshot Harry's methods, and he repudiated it as unmanly and unsportsmanlike; and that by using his superior skill and knowledge of the locality to recover the money and deliver the culprit into the Company's hands he would not only earn the reward that they should offer, but that he would evoke a sentiment that all Californians would understand and respect. The highwayman listened with a tolerant smile, but to Brice's surprise this appeal to his vanity touched him less than the prospective punishment of the thief.

"It would serve the d—d hound right," he muttered, "if instead of being shot like a man he was made to 'do time' in prison like the ordinary sneak thief that he is."

When Brice had concluded, he said, briefly: "The only trouble with your plans, my young friend, is that about twenty-five men have got to consider them and have *their* say about it. Every man in my gang is a shareholder in these greenbacks—for I work on the square—and it's for him to say whether he'll give them up for a reward and the good opinion of the Express Company. Perhaps," he went on, with a peculiar smile, "it's just as well that you tried it on me first! However, I'll sound the boys and see what comes of it. But not until you're safe off the premises."

"And you'll let me assist you?" said Brice, eagerly.

Snapshot Harry smiled again. "Well! If you come across the d—d thief, and you recognise him and can get the greenbacks from him, I'll pass over the game to you." He rose and added, apparently by way of farewell: "Perhaps it's just as well that I should give you a guide part of the way to prevent accidents." He went to a door leading to an adjoining room and called, "Flo!"

Brice's heart leaped! If he had forgotten her in the excitement of his interview, he atoned for it by a vivid blush. Her own colour was a little heightened as she slipped into the room, but the two managed to look demurely at each other, without a word of recognition.

"This is my niece, Flora," said Snapshot Harry, with a slight wave of the hand that was by no means uncourtly, "and her company will keep you from any impertinent questioning as well as if I were with you. This is Mr. Brice, Flo, who came to see me on business, and has quite forgotten my practical joking."

The girl acknowledged Brice's bow with a shyness very different to her manner of the evening before. Brice felt embarrassed and evidently showed it, for his host, with a smile, put an end to the constraint by shaking the young man's hand heartily, bidding him good-bye, and accompanying him to the door.

(To be concluded)

THE MOST POPULAR NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

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The Bystander

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

Does anyone ever take a shower-bath nowadays? I am inclined to think not, except those gratuitous ones which our abominable climate compels us to endure in the public streets. What then has led to the downfall of the shower-bath? In the days of my youth it was very popular, and as a boy I can recollect torturing myself every morning, and being rather proud of the performance. I remember I had one of these fearful engines—which looked like a sentry-box run to seed and gone wrong in the head—and presented a ghastly appearance if you woke suddenly in the night. The water was put in the lower part, and then you had to pump it up to the above cistern. This at first was rather amusing, but after undertaking it for many mornings, the panting of the pump and the gruesome gurgle of the water became monotonous. But the terrible time was when you stepped within the curtains—especially on a frosty winter morning—and planted your feet on the cold, damp tin floor.

Then you seized the string and then came a moment of acute mental agony. You shut your eyes, you bit your lips, and pulled the string! Then came a fearsome clank, a stinging rush of water, you lost your breath, you endured exquisite physical distress, and, quickly emerging from the torture chamber, you enfolded yourself in a rough towel, and as your limbs trembled and your teeth chattered you said you felt braced, but only succeeded in looking blue. The whole operation, however, was so uncomfortable that I am inclined to think that it must have been good for you. If so, I want to know why it has fallen into disuse? Should I want to renew the experience of my youth—which is not very likely, as I have long ago become a convert to hot water—as hot as you can get it, and plenty of it—I think it is very doubtful if I could find anybody who could supply me with a shower-bath.

With regard to my suggestion anent appointing an artist as a member of the Thames Conservancy Board, the *Sun* is disposed to think I am "too optimistic," and further remarks that "the past history of the Conservators does not lead us to cherish any belief that one man could leaven the whole." There is a good deal in this, but I would not limit the reform to one artist. He might be the thin end of the wedge that might open the way for the introduction of others. I am inclined to think that the number of

Conservators might be sensibly increased, and that to each one should be allotted a district in the Thames Valley, in the midst of which he should dwell, having a personal interest in protecting the land from the raids of the builder and preserving the beauty of its scenery. Why people are so short-sighted as to build houses on the immediate banks it is impossible to say. Many of the houses that have been built of recent times have practically no proper drainage, and so a good many people have found out during the recent floods. And yet endless numbers of houses continue to be built on the very edge of the stream, and are inhabited by people who imagine such residences must be healthy.

A number of new electric lamp-posts have recently reared their heads in the centre of Pall Mall, Whitehall, and the immediate neighbourhood. These lamp-posts are neither remarkable for elegance of design or novelty, but then the British Lamp-post is obstinately conservative and rarely departs far from its original ugliness. But there is one thing I should like to say about these lofty lamp-bearers. At this present writing they are not quite finished, so I may be altogether wrong in my surmises, but I see no sign of any pavement around their bases. Now each of these lamp-posts should be centred in a narrow slip-shelter, say a couple of feet broad and twelve feet long, which would afford a convenient harbour for the foot-passenger desirous of crossing the road. Besides this it would furnish a protection for the lamp-post itself, for without some barrier of the kind an erratic hansom-cab, or a runaway motor-car, will assuredly some day imperil one of these tall light columns.

Some one once stigmatised the close of the nineteenth century as "a mannerless age," and though I would scarcely commit myself to so sweeping an assertion, I certainly think we have a right to complain that there are a great many people we are compelled to encounter nowadays who have not paid the proverbial "extra twopence." I am borne out in my views on this subject by a lady who writes as follows:—"You are often justly angry with those women who wear matinée hats at the theatre. What about those people—men and women—who persistently put their feet on the seat in front of them?" She then goes on to state how her enjoyment of an excellent play was altogether spoiled by her being kicked throughout the whole performance. I am sorry to say my correspondent does not exaggerate. Over and over again the same kind of thing has occurred to me, and I have only stopped it by expostulating in a loud tone of voice with the misdemeanants. This is a kind of thing, of course, a lady cannot do, and the mannerless vulgarities take advantage of the fact. The best plan would be to write a letter to the management stating the case, and I have but little doubt that the attendants would be instructed that such annoyance should not occur again.

Often have I complained of the difficulty of reading the names at the corners of the streets. Not only are they placed too high and the letters too small, but they are so badly lighted at night that they are absolutely invisible. To an old Londoner like myself this does not matter. I don't suppose I look at a street name once a quarter, but to a stranger this is a matter of serious inconvenience and calls for immediate remedy. The old-fashioned plan of affixing the street name to the corner of a house in black and white or blue and white, as the case may be, should be at once abandoned, and the name should be proclaimed in large-sized brass letters on the pavement. These letters should be inlaid level with the stone, and the constant footfall of pedestrians would keep them bright, and the lamp at the corner, furnished with a powerful reflector, would make them legible at night.

The Late Count Émile Beuregard



COUNT ÉMILE BEUREGARD
Ex-British officer killed while fighting on the Boer side at Colenso

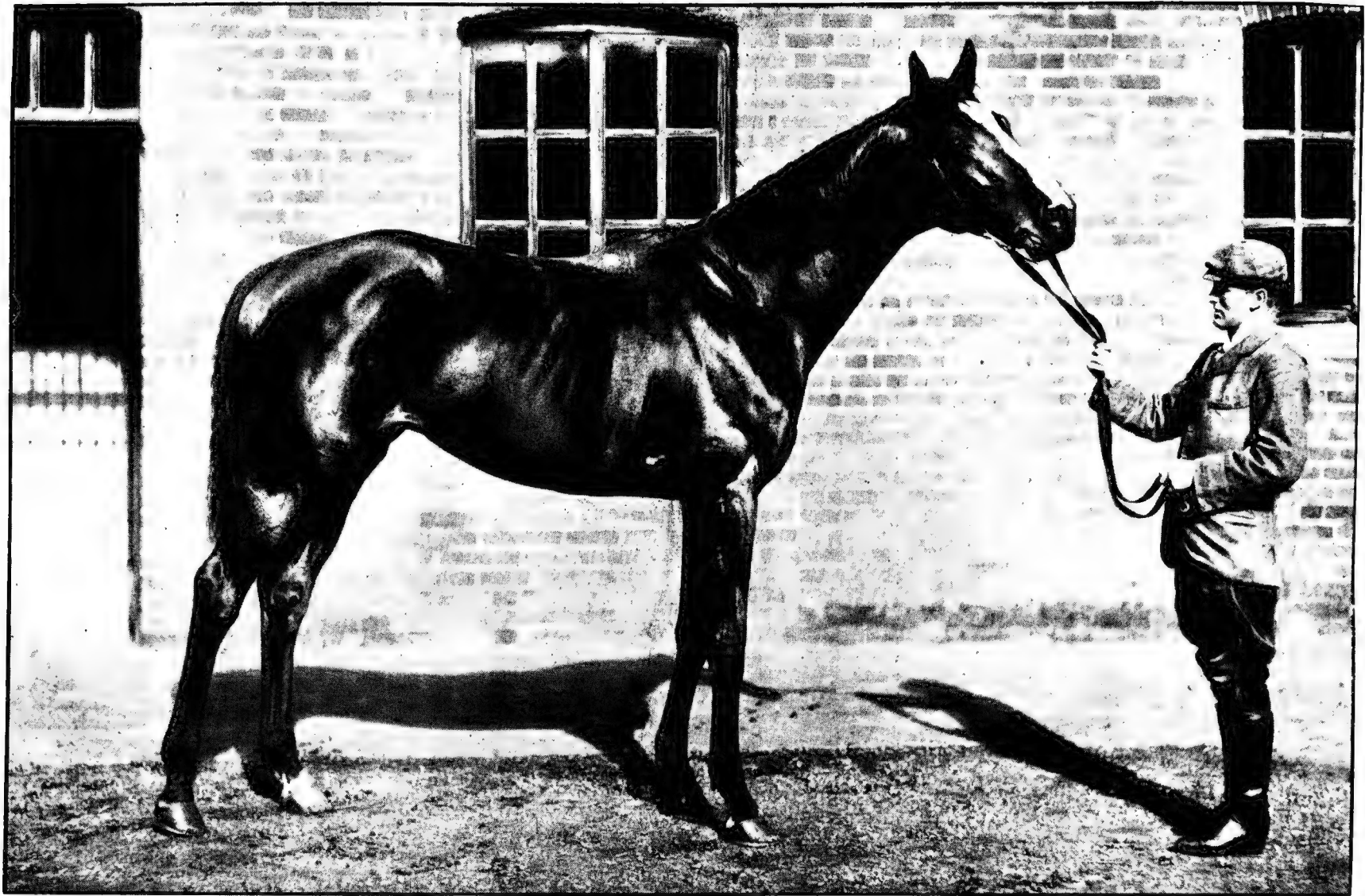
COUNT ÉMILE BEUREGARD, who was killed with the Boer force at Colenso, was for two years an officer of the Lanciers. He joined in 1894, and resigned his commission in 1896. Subsequently he went out to Kimberley, and joined the Boer forces last July. He was born in 1872, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. News of his death was received the other day from the Boer headquarters, Pretoria, by Count Beuregard, of Bournemouth. The Beuregards are French Royalists,

and were exiled from France at the time of the Franco-Prussian war. Our portrait is by Dickinson, New Bond Street.



On the second day of the Queen's visit to London, Her Majesty drove through several streets in the West End. The crowd at Westminster was dense and enthusiastic. As the carriage passed the Houses of Parliament, it was noticed that the members of the two Houses were at a disadvantage, for between them and the Queen's carriage were masses of people and omnibuses. Still they had seen her on the day before, so they

had to be content. The cheering as the procession turned into Whitehall was loud, and the volume of sound swelled to a climax when Trafalgar Square was reached. All along the route there was the same loyal demonstration of welcome, and Her Majesty afterwards expressed her gratification at the welcome accorded to her.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. A. ROUCH

BY PERMISSION OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

Last week, at Kingsclere, the horses in training belonging to the late Duke of Westminster were put up for auction, and there was some very high bidding. The climax of the sale was when Flying Fox, winner last year of the Derby, the St. Leger, and Two Thousand Guineas, looking the picture of health, and having apparently made good progress since last season, was brought into the ring, and Mr. Tattersall announced that the reserve price would be 30,000 gs. M. Edmond Blanc put in a bid, being followed by Mr. Joel and

Mr. Whitney, the American millionaire, who gradually ran the horse up to 37,000gs., but a further bid by M. Edmond Blanc settled the matter, and at 37,500 gs. Flying Fox realises more than his grandsire Ormonde is said to have done in a private sale, and nearly treble what any other horse has ever fetched in the open market

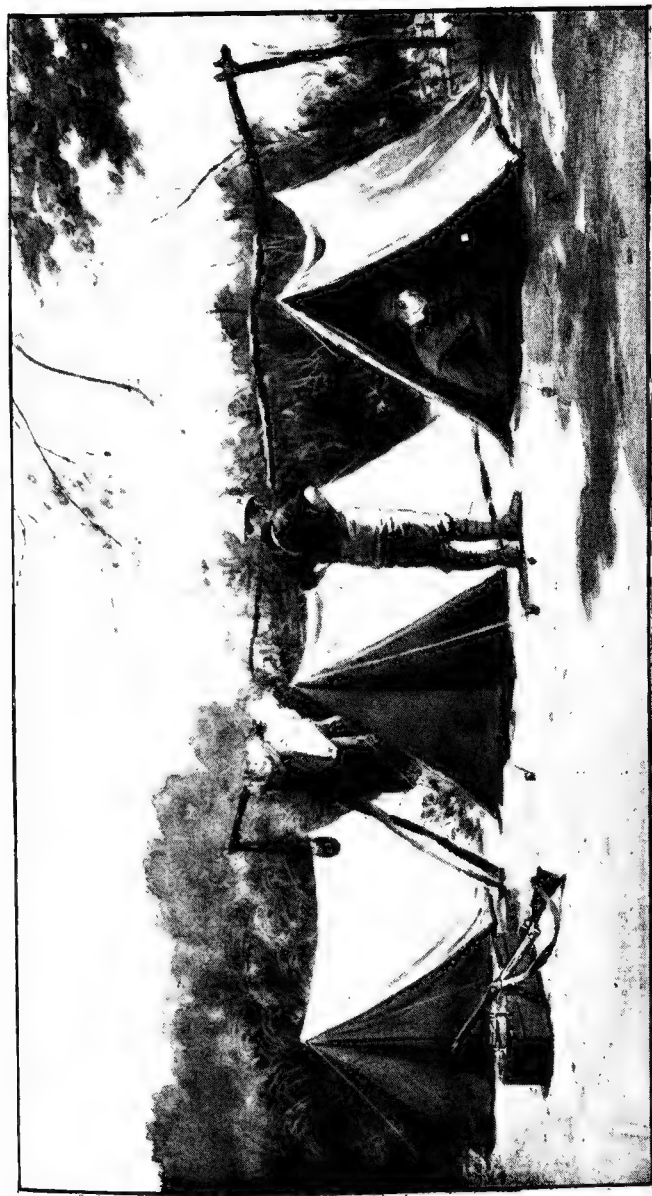
THE LATE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S FLYING FOX SOLD FOR A RECORD PRICE



This illustration, which is from a photograph forwarded to us from Stellenbosch, shows the kind of horse which South African Colonists ride. The animal appears to be as difficult to break in as a buckjumper

UNUSED TO WAR'S ALARMS: A REFRACTORY MOUNT

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



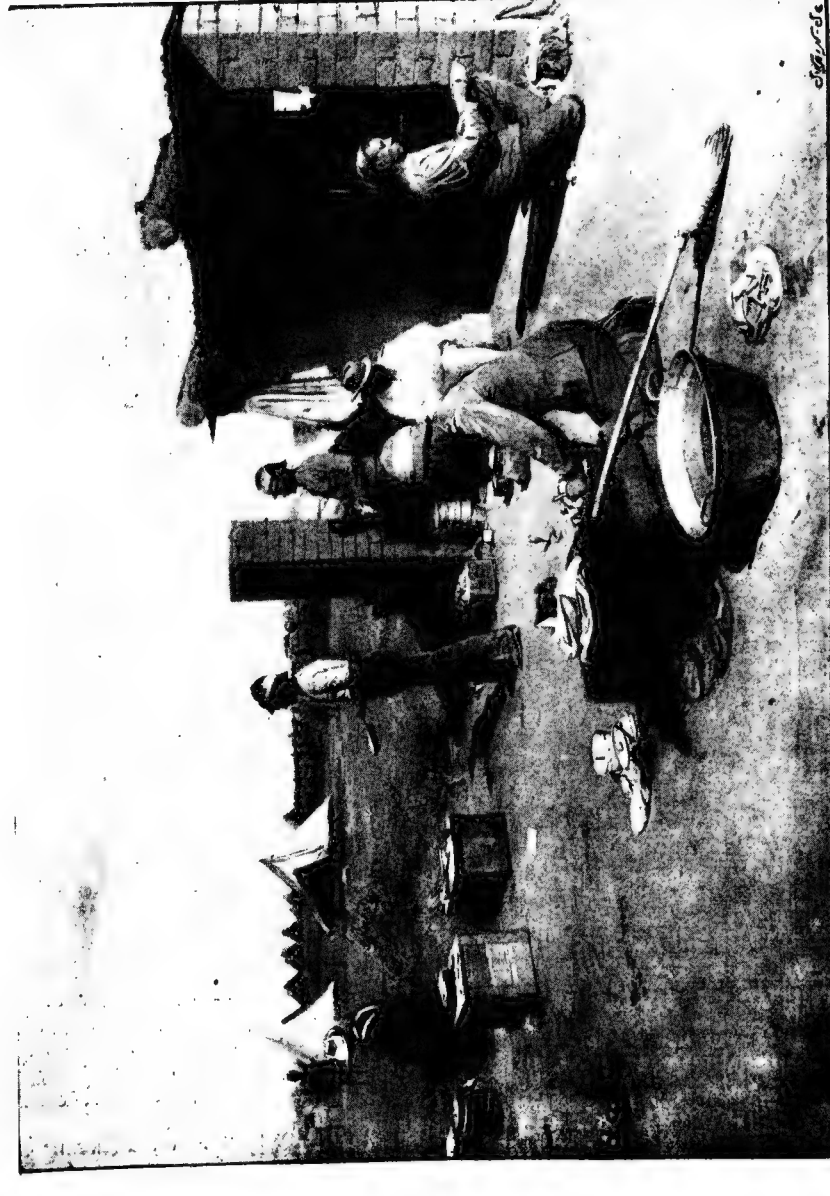
CAMP LIFE AT ZOUTSPAN: TENTS OF THE AUSTRALIAN ARTILLERY

The contingent of Royal Australian Artillery, under Captain Danger, formed part of the force on the lines of communication in Cape Colony. It is at present stationed just over the Orange Free Border, at Zoutspan, a drift of the Orange River. It will be seen from our illustration, which is from a photograph, that the camp accommodation is rather primitive. The men, however, seem to like being on active service, and make light of hardships



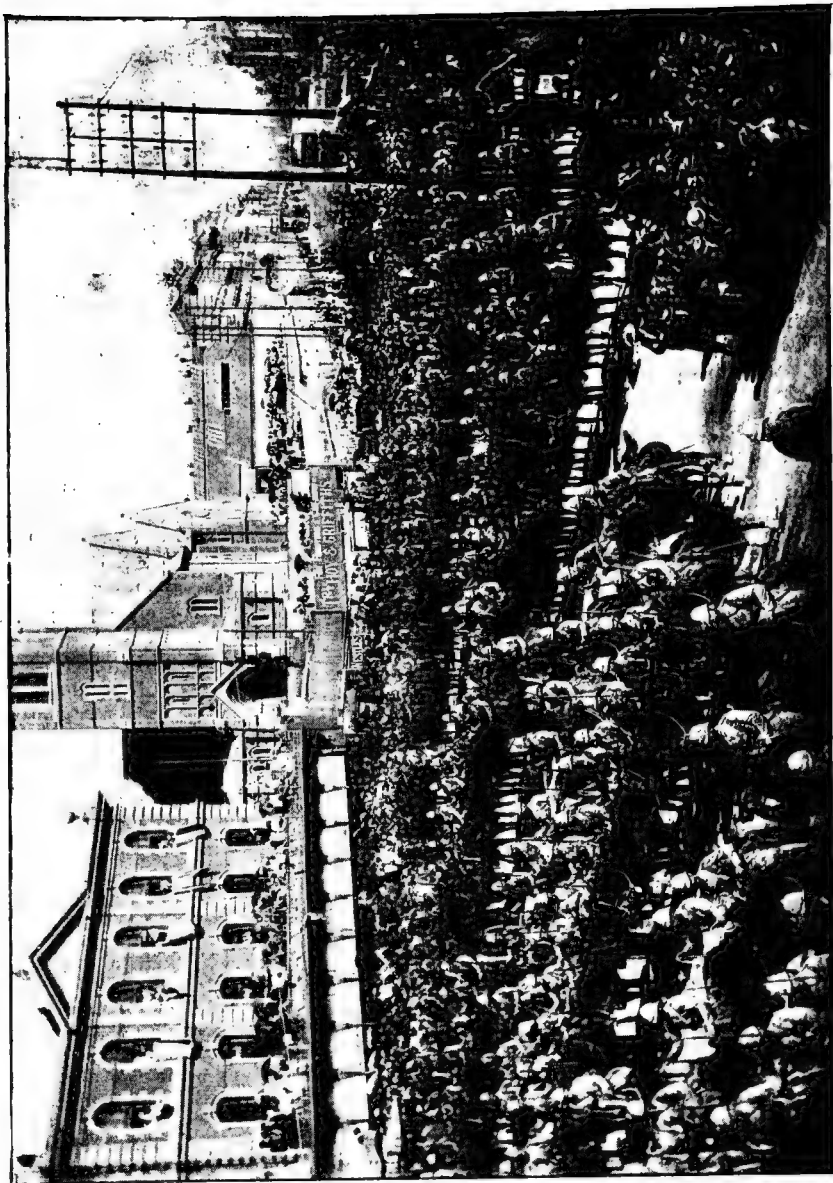
DANGEROUS DUTY ON THE MODDER RIVER

The duty of an outpost is to guard against the main body of the army being attacked. It is also their duty to prevent any patrol of the enemy from gaining information. Sometimes the outpost has to defend itself against long odds, and the work is always more or less risky. Our photograph, which is by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele, represents an outpost at Frazer's Farm



WITH LORD METHUEN ON THE MODDER: A FIELD KITCHEN

This photograph shows the field kitchen of the officers' mess of the 1st Coldstream Guards. It does not look as if the officers would fire well, but it is astonishing what good cooks soldiers are, and how readily they make the best of such materials as they can get. In every regiment there are a certain number of men who have been trained to cook, and these are under a cook sergeant. Our photograph is by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele.



RECEPTION OF THE 16TH LANCERS IN CAPE TOWN

The 16th Lancers (Red Lancers as they are called) were despatched from India to South Africa on the application of Lord Roberts. On their arrival at Cape Town a request was made that the regiment should march through the town. The request was granted, and the regiment was received with the wildest enthusiasm. The 16th Lancers is a very distinguished regiment, having a list of battle honours surpassed by no other cavalry and equalled by only one. Our photograph is by H. E. White

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

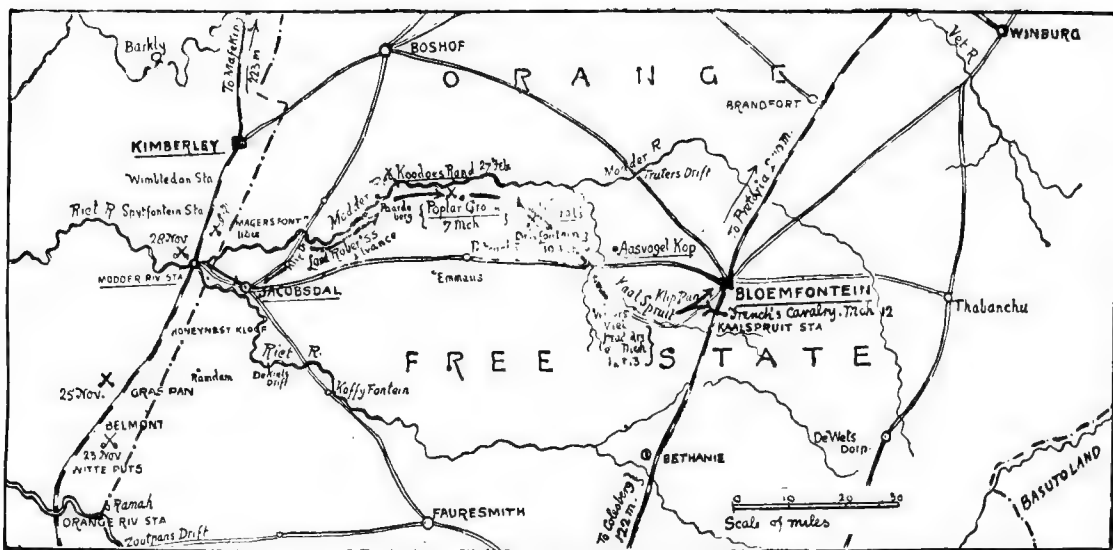
FULLER, and even more swiftly flowing, has been the tide of war in our favour during the past week. Lord Roberts's march from Kabul to Kandahar was one of the finest feats of the kind recorded in our military history, but it will have a worthy pendant, *ceteris paribus*, in his lordship's march, first from Modder River to Paardeberg, and then from Paardeberg to Bloemfontein—with this difference, that in Afghanistan his achievement was a forced march of 300 miles with a crowning triumph at the end of it, while in the Free State he covered a third of that distance with corresponding celerity, but stopped to fight four victorious actions on the way and brush his antagonists off his conquering path. It were hard to say which of those actions was the most admirably fought. Paardeberg, or Koodoosrand, was a beautiful instance of Sedan strategy and tactics as applied to the new method of warfare waged by magazine rifles and extemporised field fortifications; but Poplar Grove was no less admirable as illustrating the application of the outflanking principle in substitution for the frontal attack which had been our bane at Magersfontein and Colenso, and which the Boers had hoped we would repeat.

"Un-English" Warfare

The Boers, however, who look upon us as a people tightly wedded to hide bound traditions, have begun to reproach us bitterly with an "un-English" method of fighting in preferring flanking movement to bull-at-the-gate frontal attacks. That was the complaint, in particular, which they preferred against us at Poplar Grove, which was fought on the 7th inst., just two days after the Presidents of the two Boer Republics, after conferring at Bloemfontein on the altered aspect of affairs, despatched a telegram to Lord Salisbury offering impossible peace overtures, hurried to the battlefield of Poplar Grove only to find that, far less persuasive in this respect than old King William I. of Prussia at Gravelotte, they were powerless to rally the panic-stricken and fugitive burghers, and that neither encouraging Bible-texts nor threatening revolver-bullets could avail to make their pastoral subjects "stand up against the British artillery and such a formidable force of cavalry," which practically did all the fighting on our side—this cavalry of the equally audacious and ubiquitous French being but the vanguard of three and a-half infantry divisions. "The position they (the Boers) occupied," said Lord Roberts, "was extremely strong and cunningly arranged, with a second line of entrenchments, which would have caused us heavy loss had a direct attack been made."

Boer "Jumps"

But the days of direct attack are over, much to the disappointment and discomfiture of the Boers, who are always seized with a dreadful fit of the "jumps" whenever they find that our mounted men, with a mobility superior to their own, get athwart their flank and threaten their line at once of communication and retreat. These "jumps," to which they so readily fall a prey from the rapidity and audacity of our movements, would appear to have been rendered all the more acute by the example of Cronje and his men—*ex uno disce omnes!*—and from the fact of their having become conscious that their plan of campaign had become dislocated, as ours was at first, and that there was no longer either method in their movements or consistency in the schemes of their dissentient commanders. The result was that desertion, half-heartedness, mutual recrimination and other solvent agencies have begun to disintegrate the Boer forces opposed to Lord Roberts after his advance from Paardeberg; so that at Poplar Grove, where they made their next serious show of resistance, they at once yielded to the pressure of a turning movement, leaving behind them their cooked dinners, tents, waggons, and a Krupp gun, besides a number of dead. They also left behind them two military attachés—Colonel Gourko for Russia, and Lieutenant "Thompson" for the Netherlands—who had been unable to keep pace in the lumbering waggon which served them, curiously enough, as a means of conveyance—with their fleet-footed fugitives from the sabres and lances of French's army; it would appear to have been only by the very narrowest of shaves, due to the exhaustion of our pursuing cavalry, that the Presidents of the Boer Republics, with the draft of their peace overtures to Lord Salisbury



The eastward line of advance of Lord Roberts's army after the relief of Kimberley is shown on the above map. Lord Roberts, on his eastward march upon Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, followed the course of the river, but advanced on both sides. The Boer reinforcements, too weak and too late to help Cronje, had been kept at a distance while his force was hemmed in, but gathered to resist the British advance. Two futile attempts were made to induce Lord Roberts to make a direct front attack on strong and extensive positions at Poplar Grove and at Driefontein. In each case Lord Roberts turned the flank of the enemy with slight loss and kept on his way. From Venter's Vlei, where Judge Gregorowski has his farm, Lord Roberts sent General French's cavalry forward with orders to seize the railway south of Bloemfontein, and this was successfully done on the 12th instant.

THE LINE OF LORD ROBERTS'S ADVANCE FROM JACOBSDAL TO BLOEMFONTEIN

in their pockets, escaped, though, like General Trochu, President Kruger, man of war from his youth upwards, boasts himself to have a "plan of campaign" superior to that of his rival, General Joubert, whose present position in the military hierarchy of his country is by no means clear.

The Advance Continued

All that happened on the 7th inst. Continuing his rapid advance unopposed for several days, Lord Roberts pushed forward towards Bloemfontein, giving the practical go-by to Abraham's Kraal—the Christian name of his own father, curiously enough, was Abraham—where the military prophets had predicted that the Boers of Delarey, or De Wet, or whoever is at their head in those parts, would make a desperate stand at the confluence of the Modder River and the Raal Spruit. But "Bobs" has a habit of upsetting at once the calculations of his critics and the contrivances of his foes; and when the Queen was engaged in reviewing two departing battalions of her Guards in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, our Commander-in-Chief in South Africa was devoting himself to the strenuous dispersion of some 14,000 of Delarey's Boers, whom he had overtaken and forced to fight a rearguard action at Driefontein. It was Kelly-Kenny's Division again which bore the brunt of the fighting here—fighting which entailed upon the Boers a loss of more than 150 dead, while Roberts himself had to lament the diminution of his force by sixty or seventy killed and missing and about 320 wounded, many of whom again fell owing to the treacherous abuse by the Boers of the white flag—an act of barbarism, committed at least for the hundredth time, which caused his lordship to address a very strongly worded remonstrance to their "Honours" of Bloemfontein and Pretoria, declaring "that if any such abuse occurs again I shall be most reluctantly compelled to order my troops to disregard the white flag entirely." Moreover, it was added that their "Honours' troops" had been guilty of using "explosive," by which it is to be supposed that Lord Roberts meant "expansive" bullets in all these battles, and that "such breaches of the recognised usages of war and of the Geneva Convention are a disgrace to any civilised power." In consequence partly of the Boer treachery thus referred to, Lord Roberts's loss at Driefontein was a very heavy one—falling more particularly on the Welsh and Essex Regiments, who turned the enemy out of two strong positions at the point of the bayonet. All our races have had their turn in this campaign, and all have proved brilliantly true to their traditions—English, Scots, Canadians, Australians, Irish and Welsh; and when St. Davy's day comes round we shall all be glad to see the gallant "Taffies"

sporting their native leek, in special recognition of their bravery at Driefontein and elsewhere, as the "bould blades" of "Ould Oireland," who have so well entitled themselves, for all future time, to "the wearing o' the green." "Just before dusk," wired Reuter's special, "the Welsh gallantly rushed the position at the point of the bayonet, taking a kopje, and clearing a considerable portion of the ridge. The scene was witnessed by Lord Roberts through a telescope. . . . One feature of the day was the magnificent marching of General Kelly-Kenny's Division across the veldt under a hot, cloudless sky, followed by six hours' hard fighting. Towards dusk the centre and left column, including Lord Roberts and Staff, arrived at a farmhouse situated in the basin formed by the semicircle of the Boer position. The sight was wonderfully picturesque, as mass after mass of troops and transport appeared over the ridge and gradually filled the basin. The appearance of this formidable force, combined with the loss of their centre position, doubtless caused the hurried flight of the enemy."

Before Bloemfontein

From Driefontein Lord Roberts made another splendid day's march to Aasvogel Kop (Vulture Hill), due east of which the Boers had again massed like so many birds of prey to dispute our passage to Bloemfontein. They had strongly entrenched themselves on a line of kopjes under the firm conviction that we must needs traverse them on our way to the Free State capital and deliver one of the frontal attacks so fascinating, in their opinion, to the mind of the British soldier. But here again they had complained of the extremely un-English way in which Lord Roberts is conducting the war. For instead of going straight east the Field-Marshal struck away to the south by the line of the Kaal Spruit across the Petrusburg-Bloemfontein road, and, making another splendid forced march, reached Venter's Vlei on Monday last, a point within another day's tramp of the Free State capital. "The utter débâcle of the enemy," said one correspondent, "everywhere has had an obvious effect in increasing the spirits of our troops. To-day the pipers of the Highlanders played, by General Macdonald's orders, during their march of sixteen miles," which would seem to imply, what we had not been told before that "fighting Mac" has now sufficiently recovered from the wound he received at Paardeberg to place himself once more at the head of his killed men. For the Boers the immediate irony of the situation lay in the fact that Lord Roberts established his headquarters in Venter's Vlei at the farm owned by the same absent bodied Gregorowski who had sat in judgment at Pretoria on the Reform Uitlander and indulged in some very scornful, not to say abusive, language as to their claims to a status in the Transvaal superior to that of helots. Pushing on eighteen miles ahead of the infantry, General French, on the same day, had placed himself *à cheval* of the railway six miles south of Bloemfontein, and before dark, by order of his chief, he even managed to ride north, seize two heights commanding the town and the railway station, cut the telegraph wires and the rails on the north, so as to secure himself of all the rolling stock there, and, above all, take prisoner a brother of President Steyn. All these splendid results which will furnish new and redeeming matter for a second edition of Sir Evelyn Wood's "Achievements of Cavalry," a volume in which he assigns our mounted arm a value very inferior to that of the horsemen of France and Germany—results which remind us of the audacious capture of French towns by a few Prussian Uhlans during the Franco-German War. General French's preliminary hold on the Free State capital had not been effected without "considerable opposition," and at dawn of the following day (Tuesday) Lord Roberts himself, with the 3rd Cavalry Brigade and mounted infantry, pushed on to reinforce him, pending the coming up of the infantry—three and a half divisions.

The capture of Bloemfontein—accompanied as it was by Lord Roberts's occupation of Boshof—will prove an enormous gain to us from every point of view—moral, material and strategical; and it is now hard to see what can save the Boer forces in the south from destruction, seeing that they are now between two fires. These Boer invaders of Cape Colony have now all been pushed back across the Orange River by the combined advance of Clements, Gatacre and Brabant, to the last of whom—our Colonial General—fell the honour of being the first to cross the river in pursuit of the retreating foe. Sir Charles Warren's Division, now assembling at Durban, would appear to be intended for the reinforcement of our Army of the Orange River under Sir G. White.

Dutch Reformed Church

Wesleyan Chapel

Town Hall

Market Square

Masonic Hall



Railway to Cape Town

Railway to Orange Free State

Burghersdorp, which was occupied by Gatacre's troops without opposition last week, is about twenty-two miles to the north of Stormberg and 243 miles from the port of East London by railway. The town has obtained notoriety as being openly disloyal and has been called in consequence "Rebeldorp." The Bond headquarters were there, and Professor Cachet, a converted Hebrew, and now a leader of the Dutch Reformed Church, is head of the notorious Dopper Academy in the town. Cachet is the leader of the Albert rebels. Burghersdorp is a healthy little town, 4,550 ft. above sea-level. It has Dutch, English, Roman Catholic, and Wesleyan Churches, a small library, and some public gardens. Our illustration is from a photograph by G. S. Olivier, Burghersdorp.

BURGHERSDORP, WHICH HAS BEEN RECAPTURED BY GENERAL GATACRE



THE MARKET SQUARE FROM THE G. P. O. CORNER



THE CLUB MUTUAL BUILDINGS, POST OFFICE AND MARKET SQUARE



THE PRESIDENCY



VIEW OF THE CITY LOOKING TOWARDS THE REFORMED CHURCH



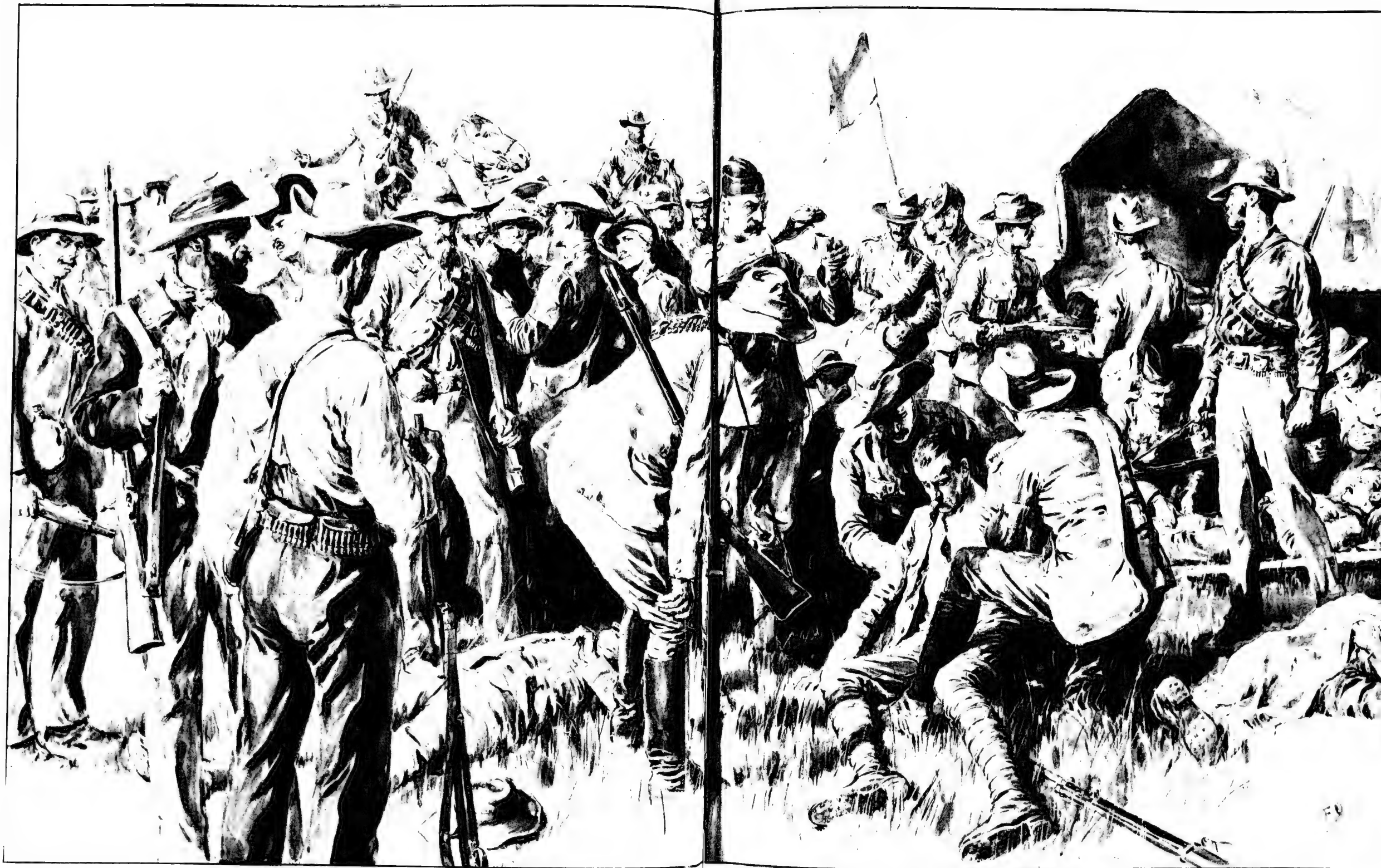
THE NEW RAADZAAL (PARLIAMENT HOUSE)



THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH

Although for many years Bloemfontein has been the capital of a prosperous Republic, the primitive habits of the people have prevented it from becoming more than a quiet and pleasant rural centre. It stands upon a plain surrounded by low hills, rising to an elevation of from 200 to 300 feet. The town is regularly laid out, with a large market square in the centre, on which the principal streets abut. Most of the public buildings are a combination of red brick and white stone. The New Raadzaal is a well-designed building surrounded

by Doric columns, and bearing a domed tower 90 feet high. At the lower end of the Market Square are the Post and Telegraph Office, the Club, and the Mutual Buildings, all of which are a credit to the town. The residence of the President is substantially built of stone, and cost 15,000*l*. The principal church is the Dutch Reformed, with two spires. Our illustrations are from photographs by G. W. Wilson, Ltd., Aberdeen



FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

W. J. ... to ... from ...

after the ... while ... the Boers moved out and swarmed round ... with the curiosity to inspect the injuries they had inflicted on our men. Their attitude was one of ... sympathy. With their rifles and two

Boers ... these Boers were for the most part fine and sturdy fellows, though ... The most striking point in this temporary cessation of hostilities ... which characterised the intercourse between Briton and Boer. Courtesy

seemed almost to become friendliness so cordial were the relations between the men. It was difficult to believe that they had been lately fighting desperately against each other, and it was sad to think they would soon again be engaged in deadly strife

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE BETWEEN THE STORMS: A SCENE ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF GAME TREE HILL DURING THE TRUCE



MAJOR-GENERAL J. E. BOYES
Commanding the 17th Brigade (8th Division)



MAJOR DUNCAN MCKENZIE
Who rode in to Ladysmith with the Natal Carbineers



COLONEL E. W. WARD
Supply Officer in Ladysmith



LIEUTENANT A. J. MCNEILL
Who has succeeded Captain de Montmorency, V.C., in command of the latter's Scouts



MR. W. F. MICHELL
The telegraphist who escaped from Ladysmith

The Burning of the Theatre Français

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

IF anyone had wanted to know what the Comédie Française is to the French, he should have watched the scene as the theatre was burning. In the centre stood M. Clarétie, the Administrator-General, as pale as death, so absorbed in the sight before him that he was unaware that he was going about in the chilly air without an overcoat. So careless was he to what was going on around him that I saw him refuse with an impatient gesture the fur-lined overcoat that a friend tried to throw over his shoulders.

He had eyes for nothing but the building before him, and when the occasional puff of smoke from yet another window showed that the flames were creeping slowly nearer and nearer the part of the theatre where the archives and the priceless art treasures of the House of Molière are placed, an expression of absolute anguish passed over his face. M. Leygues, the Minister of Public Instruction, was scarcely recognisable. His usually faultless silk hat resembled a concertina, and he was dripping with water from head to foot. Aided by half a dozen willing volunteers, he was hauling at mattresses soaked in water with which to cover the Houdon masterpiece, the statue of Voltaire, familiar to all who have visited the Théâtre Français. Baron Henri de Rothschild, M. Bernheim, the celebrated art experts, and a dozen other well-known Parisians, were running backwards and forwards carrying pictures, busts, and valuable volumes. The omnibus station across the way was soon full, M. Hoek's book shop under the arcade of the theatre was crammed, and speedily a pile of priceless works of art began to grow in the refuge on the centre of the Place.

The comic note, too, was not wanting. Some of the zealous members of the amateur salvage corps showed more goodwill than discretion. Handsomely bound volumes would be dumped down on to the soaking pavement below, while from the window alongside a cane chair, valued at about half a crown, would be carefully lowered with a rope.

Every instant saw some addition to the group of privileged persons in the middle of the Place who had got through the police barriers. Handsome actresses of the Comédie were rustling their silk skirts among spouting hose-pipes and pools of water, most of them weeping and wringing their hands at the destruction of the treasures in their dressing-room.

For every actor and actress's dressing-room was a salon. There they placed the souvenirs of past triumphs, gifts from crowned heads, bust and pictures received from famous artists, and other things that no money could replace.

And then the news spread of the greatest loss of all, that of the young and charming pensionaire of the Maison de Molière. At first no one would believe it, and messengers were sent in all directions—to the hospitals, to her house and to her mother's residence—to see if Mlle. Henriot had not been found. Unfortunately, a visit to the Morgue to view the black and carbonised body found on the staircase confirmed the worst fears.

This young life was, however, the only irreparable loss the famous house in the Rue Richelieu has suffered. The disaster is nothing like so great as was at first supposed. The archives and the art treasures of the theatre were saved; most of the dressing-rooms, as well as the rooms of the director, are still intact. The outside walls are uninjured; in fact, no one passing the theatre would know that anything had happened to it. All that is destroyed is the stage and the auditorium, purely material damage that three or four months' work will repair.

The theatre will be reconstructed exactly as it was, and already the performances have been resumed at the Opéra. At the performances on Sunday the troupe received an ovation from a house crammed to the ceiling. The audience, which included the President of the Republic and Mme. Loubet, was the *tout Paris* in full force. In order to give the public an opportunity of welcoming the whole troupe, the famous *Cérémonie* was given.

MLLE. HENRIOT, who lost her life at the disastrous fire at the Théâtre Français, was only twenty-three and a newcomer to the company. She made her first appearance on the Comédie Française stage in M. Rostand's *Les Romanesques*, and had lately acted in Alexandre Dumas's *Diane de Lys* the part of one of the fashionable ladies in the ball scene at Dianes. Mlle. Henriot had previously belonged to the Odéon, where her mother, an actress of much talent, was also engaged formerly. Our photograph is by Reutlinger, Paris.

Our Portraits

LIEUTENANT ANGUS JOHN MCNEILL, of the Seaforth Highlanders, aide-de-camp to Sir W. F. Gatacre, has succeeded Captain the Hon. Raymond de Montmorency, V.C., in command of the now famous body of scouts. Lieutenant McNeill joined his regiment in 1895, and obtained his lieutenantcy in 1897. He served in the campaign in the Soudan under Sir Herbert Kitchener in 1898 with the 1st Battalion of his regiment, and was present at the battles of the Atbara and Khartoum. He subsequently served during the occupation of Crete in 1897. Our portrait is by Gabell, Eccleston Street.

Major Duncan McKenzie is the officer who, at the head of the squadron of the Natal Carbineers, under Lord Dundonald, brought the news of their relief to the inhabitants and garrison of Ladysmith. He was in Glasgow when the war broke out, but cut his holiday visit short, and arrived in South Africa when Ladysmith was invested, but could not join his regiment, which was shut in with General White. He has rendered valuable service, from his knowledge of the country, to General Buller and Lord Dundonald,

to Sir Redvers Buller, with whom he afterwards had an interview, and he also saw the Governor of Natal. Mr. W. F. Michell is twenty-three years of age, and has won many prizes as an amateur cyclist in Dublin and Natal.

Colonel E. W. D. Ward has been described by Sir George White, the heroic defender of Ladysmith, as "the best supply officer any army had since Moses." Colonel Ward has been the honorary secretary of the Royal Military Tournament for some years, where his powers of organisation and his unfailing tact and courtesy have won him many friends. Those who know him well will congratulate General White and his garrison on having had so efficient an officer to look after the supplies during the siege.

Major-General Boyes, who commands the 17th Brigade of the Eighth Division, sails this week on the *Bavarian*. Major-General Boyes served in the Egyptian Campaign in 1882 and in the Soudan Campaign of 1884-5.

"Bonnie Dundee"

By W. MOY THOMAS

CERTAIN objections visitors to the ADELPHI must necessarily feel towards Mr. Laurence Irving's sketch of John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee. We simply do not recognise him in any single trait as the personage of whom most people have read something either in history or in fiction. Historians and novelists, it is true, differ much in their estimates of his character. That he has had ardent admirers is attested by Wordsworth's fine sonnet, and still more strikingly by the affectionate nickname of "Bonnie Dundee," although this is well known to have been conferred on him long after his death, and is said to have originated in a mere confusion of ideas which resulted in transferring to the Jacobite general a designation that was originally applied to the town of that name. But everybody has heard of the relentless cruelty with which Dundee pursued the unhappy Covenanters, and even Scott, who had certainly no disposition to be unfair towards the hero of Killiecrankie, represents him in "Old Mortality" as justifying his cruelties by the atrocious doctrine that "there is a difference between the blood of gallant soldiers and noble gentlemen and the red puddle that stagnates in the veins of psalm-singing knaves and silly boors." Under these circumstances, to represent Claverhouse as the mild, sensitive, gentle, and somewhat foppish person who figures as the hero of Mr. Irving's play, is simply to puzzle and irritate the spectator. It may be said, however, that Mr. Irving has not essayed to write a "chronicle play" or to show the age and body of the time, its form and pressure, but simply to write a romantic drama with a historical background; and no doubt, if *Bonnie Dundee* had proved to be an effective drama of intrigue, after the manner of the elder Dumas, the fact would have gone far to atone for the historical objections. But the dramatist has unfortunately not succeeded in inspiring much interest either in his hero or his hero's bride, Lady Jean Cochrane, though the former part is played with great spirit by Mr. Robert Taber, and the latter has the advantage of all the tenderness and charm of Miss Lena Ashwell. The historical details, including the scene of the Council Chamber at Whitehall, in which King James, deserted by his supporters one by one, prepares for flight, and the somewhat confused and boisterous scene in the Hall of Convention, Edinburgh, are simply an incumbrance on the story. What remains is melodrama of a frankly conventional pattern. The scene in Dudhope Castle, in which Dundee rescues his wife from the clutches of the villainous Lord Ochiltree, by presenting a pistol at his head and threatening to fire if he does not give the order to his guards to drop their carbines, reminds one involuntarily of Mr. Puff's "deadlock" with the Beefeaters, and approaches, it must be confessed, perilously near to the confines of the ludicrous. The redeeming features of the play are some vigorously written passages of dialogue, an efficient company and a brilliant *mise-en-scène*. Mr. Harford's "Palace at Whitehall"—after the late Mr. Ward's well-known picture of King James the second's last Council—Mr. Walter Hann's "Hall of Convention," and Mr. Hawes Craven's "Country Churchyard," and "Pass of Killiecrankie," are all picturesque and interesting examples of scenic illusion. Much praise is also due to the stage management—particularly for the effective details of the fight in the Pass, ending in the death of the victorious Dundee in the arms of his wife.



MADemoiselle HENRIOT
Killed in the fire at the Théâtre Français

and he received an enthusiastic welcome from his comrades in arms and the inhabitants of the beleaguered town when he entered with the first relief party. Our portrait is by J. E. Middlebrook, Durban.

Mr. W. F. Michell, the telegraphist who escaped from Ladysmith during the siege, left the town by the Newcastle Road on the night of November 25 with Mr. Young. Military permits had been previously issued to them, and they were both carrying despatches. Mr. Young was anxious to get a Kafir runner to accompany him, and offered 10*l.* to 20*l.*, but none would go; the runners, in point of fact, usually received 40*l.* for the trip, and even at this price were not then keen about the work, as the two last had been caught by the Boers, and one of them shot. They had many hairbreadth escapes, and narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the Boer patrols. On November 30, very exhausted, they arrived at Weenen safely, and from there Mr. Michell telegraphed

The Late Mr. Phelps

MR. EDWARD J. PHELPS, at one time United States Minister at the Court of St. James's, was born at Middlebury in 1822, of a family long distinguished in the law. He was educated for the profession of his fathers, and soon became known as a lawyer of



THE LATE MR. E. J. PHELPS
Late U.S. Minister at St. James's

singular ability and eloquence. In 1870 he plunged into politics as a Democrat. In 1885 President Cleveland offered him the Lega-

tion in London, which he accepted. It was a difficult post to take, seeing that his predecessor was Lowell, one of the most cultured and most popular of the diplomatic representatives ever sent to this country by the United States. Mr. Phelps was nevertheless fully equal both to the duties of his position and to the tradition which Lowell had created for it. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Week in Parliament

By HENRY W. LUCY

To much dramatic surrounding of the reading in both Houses of Parliament of the Boer Presidents' peace proposals was added the unexpected. When, on Monday night, Mr. Balfour was questioned as to the truth of rumours pointing to the receipt of some such communication, he curtly replied that papers on the subject would shortly be laid on the table.

The decision forthwith to make the communication public was evidently hurriedly taken. When Lord Kimberley entered the House he, in response to a nod of invitation, seated himself for a moment on the Ministerial Bench. The Premier, doubtless, took the opportunity of informing him that if he would ask a question the correspondence should be read by way of response. Accordingly when, at half-past four, public business was called on, the Leader of the scant Opposition rose, and with a pretty air of wondering what the reply might be, asked the Prime Minister whether he was in a position to communicate to the House any answer to Her Majesty's Government had thought proper to make to overtures of peace submitted by the Presidents of the Boer Republics? Yes: it so happened that the Premier had brought down with him the telegrams containing the desired information with intent to lay them on the table. Perhaps it would not be out of order if he read them. This he did, the few Peers present breaking into an almost hearty cheer when he came to the concluding sentence declaring that, in the circumstances, which his despatch summarised in masterly manner, "Her Majesty's Government are not prepared to assent to the independence either of the South African Republic or of the Orange Free State."

In the Commons another sight was seen. News of what had passed in the Lords rapidly circulated. It was assumed that Ministerial con-

fidence would not be confined to the other House, and that as soon as questions were over, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman would put a question that would bring up the Leader of the House with the desired information. The Leader of the Opposition may have cherished such intention. But the new manners of the House of Commons prevented its being fulfilled.

On Tuesday it was Mr. Channing who ousted his esteemed Leader from his rightful place. He chanced to have on the paper a question touching the matter, and, founding upon it a reference to what had passed in the other House, he invited Mr. Balfour to read the telegrams.

It was a striking scene. The crowded ranks of members all leaned forward, intently listening, all eyes fixed on the lithe, still youthful, figure standing at the table. At the opening paragraph, where Mr. Kruger and his hapless brother President propose to "ask themselves dispassionately and as in the sight of the Triune God for what they are fighting," there was on the Ministerial benches an irresistible tendency to laughter. As Lord Salisbury put it, suddenly at two days' notice, after issuing an insulting ultimatum, the Boer Republics had declared war upon Her Majesty, had invaded her dominions, laid siege to three towns within the British frontier, and overrun two colonies with great destruction to property and life. For awhile, profiting by the unpreparedness of the British, and bringing into play vast military stores, secretly accumulated through many years, the Boers seemed within measurable distance of carrying out their threat of driving the English into the sea. After four months' stubborn fighting, the tide of war turned. The invaders became the invaded. Lord Roberts was at the gates of Bloemfontein on his way to Pretoria. Whereupon the two guileless old gentlemen directly and personally responsible for this state of things take pen in hand and, invoking the Triune God, "ask themselves dispassionately for what they are fighting." Looked at from this practical point of view, the first that struck the House, the situation was truly comic. But a moment's reflection, a passing thought of the thousands of homes saddened by the mad action of the Boer Presidents, induced a more dignified mood. Thereafter, till the last sentence of Lord Salisbury's letter was reached, the British members listened in silence. The Irish members cheered the wicked announcement that if the Presidents do not obtain the impossible terms they demand they will drive the burghers to fight on to the hopeless end. The great majority of the House reserved their cheer till Mr. Balfour read Lord Salisbury's brief, dignified response to the preposterous suggestion.



A very pretty and graceful ceremony in the grounds of Devonshire House marked the despatch of the last units of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital, which left for South Africa in the transport *Wingfield*. This section will complete the establishment of the Yeomanry Hospital in South Africa. The work has been happily called the gift of the ladies in England, for the whole of the funds have been raised by ladies, and have been due to private generosity. The contingent, which numbered 143, embraced sections of the Yeomanry Field Hospital and the Bearer Company, was drawn up with its officers on the lawn of the wooded garden that runs far up Berkeley Street. Major Stonham, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, was in command of the force; Major G. E. Hale commanding the Bearer Company. The other officers were: Surgeons T. H. Openhaw, W. A. Sheen, A. H. Evans, and A. Purvis Stewart, of the Field Hospital;

and Assistant-Surgeon A. S. Scriven and Lieutenant T. Green of the Bearer Company. The men were drawn up opposite the lawn windows of Devonshire House, while a brilliant company of spectators was drawn up facing the force. The Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, the Duke of York, Lady Georgina Curzon, General Trotter and his A.D.C., Captain White, were in the centre of the group, other noticeable units in which were Viscount Curzon and Lord and Lady Warwick. After the Prince had inspected the men and had addressed them, and cheers for the Queen and the Prince had been given, the Princess took up her station by the French windows of the drawing-room, next to a stack of brown-paper parcels containing a supply of warm underclothing; and at the suggestion of Lord Curzon the Princess gave the parcels one by one to each man as he filed past.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY: INSPECTION OF THE HOSPITAL CORPS

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

No one who saw the marvellous demonstration of enthusiasm (absolutely spontaneous, and culminating in the poorest and most populous quarters), on the occasion of the Queen's visit to London, could ever doubt that she is safely lodged in the hearts of her people. Not merely as Queen, as a woman of wise and unselfish conduct, but as mother of the country, embodying all the ambitions, the loyalty, and sincerity of England. And to the credit of womanhood be it said that this passionate affection of a country for its ruler has only been given to two Sovereigns, both women—Elizabeth and Victoria—both of whom have given their name to an era of history, and both of whom also have set the welfare of the State above their own wishes and comfort. It will not lightly be forgotten that Queen Victoria sacrificed her holiday at the age of eighty-one to give her sympathy for her soldiers fighting valorously abroad, or that she braved the discomforts of a sea-passage and a damp climate in order to visit Ireland and show her appreciation of the deeds of her Irish troops. When women can rise to occasions like these, there need be no more talk of the disabilities and weaknesses of sex.

The fact that the Princess of Wales carried her Kodak about with her everywhere, and that she took snapshots of the immense and lively crowds outside Buckingham Palace, and also of the inspection of the Guards, in the private grounds, will no doubt encourage amateur photographers in their hobby. Photos are better than a diary, for their truth is indisputable; they are also interesting records of life, amusing and instructive to look back upon. But let me urge on amateurs not to be contented with snapshots, but always to develop their own negatives, and to study photography in serious earnest, so as to understand the process thoroughly. Many people are content to leave these details to professionals, and thus lose some of the greatest interest and pleasure consequent on the occupation. Fine photographs are sometimes more beautiful than pictures, and, of course, absolutely reliable.

Mr. Charles Wyndham's performance of Cyrano de Bergerac, and the great speech on noses which he has to deliver in the part, set one wondering whether the hero is right in supposing that, given this disfigurement, no heroine could love him. Women, I take it, are far less susceptible to beauty than men; they care for a lover not on account of his good looks, but for many other physical qualities, and most of all, perhaps, for temperamental idiosyncrasies. Given a strong, manly fellow, with animal spirits, a kind heart, a pleasant manner, and an indulgent courtesy towards the other sex, and he will probably score more successes than the beauty. Cyrano was a gallant soldier, hence he scored one already. He was the champion of woman, he was a fine speaker, a tender poet—why the case was won for him already, and had he not been the most modest of men he would not have waited till his last moments to hear Roxane say, "I love you." That, it seems to me, pathetic as is the character of Cyrano, forms the blot of the play. Cyrano could not have been a fool, given his natural gifts, and only a fool could so have misread a woman's heart.

I see it is suggested that for the future 'bus conductors should be women in order that their appearance may consort more harmoniously with that of the well-dressed women who use the humble 'bus. The suggestion is, on the face of it, ridiculous.

The 'bus conductor must keep order and harmony, settle disputes, turn out the drunken and disreputable, help in old ladies and pacify young ones who desire to get out where omnibuses are forbidden to stop. Then no woman could stand for so many hours, could bear the exposure to cold, rain and wind, and, if she did, I fear her costume, caked with mud and soaked with rain, would leave much to be desired. No; women conductors are impossible, but the company might insist on a uniform neat and clean, instead of the greasy, ragged clothes, which are intolerably dirty and soil the ladies' gowns as the conductors move to and fro collecting fares.

Spring is at hand. The air has a touch of vernal freshness, the

dramatist and the actor. To begin with, he was a perfect gentleman, a polished cavalier, with an almost feminine beauty that charmed man and woman alike, with an iron will, a dauntless courage, a disregard for life peculiar to the rough-and-ready times he lived in, a passionate enthusiasm for his King, and a stern sense of duty, and we have a complex character, picturesque in the extreme, and extraordinarily difficult to realise. One curiously similar trait in him and his cousin, the great Marquis of Montrose, possibly the finer character of the two, is the faint influence exerted on them by women. Both married, Montrose when he was seventeen, both apparently lived in harmony with their wives (perhaps because of the brief time they spent in their company), but love formed certainly only a part of their lives.



A wedding party was assembled in this house when the first shock of the earthquake was felt. All those assembled were killed, with the exception of the bridegroom, who is shown in our illustration mourning the loss of his bride and friends buried in the ruins.

THE AKHALKALAKI EARTHQUAKES: A RUINED HOUSE AT BAKU

larks sing blithely in the meadows, the crocuses bloom, and the narcissus is beginning to blow. Shrubs are burgeoning, buds show themselves on the branches, and all nature is preparing for a new season. Then, just as the green is freshest and the meadows diamonded with tiny flowers, the gay world shuts itself up in town. Fortunately, since the advent of railways, town and country are almost identical. The cyclist takes a morning run into the country and returns with a bunch of lilac, the millionaire drives to his country house, where week-end parties are *de rigueur*, while even in town Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and the river form a pleasant daily outlet. London will soon be the best place to live out of ever invented.

A hero like Claverhouse fairly taxes the ingenuity of the

No record of the passions, intrigues, and entanglements of the kind so common at Court has ever reached us, and the whole soul of the two men seems to have been absorbed in their struggle for their King and their country.

The proceeds of the annual Amateur Art Exhibition, to be held next week at 7, Chesterfield Gardens, will be divided between the Marchioness of Lansdowne's Fund for Officers' Wives and Families, the East London Nursing Association, and the Parochial Women's Fund. Her Majesty has lent five miniatures, the Princess of Wales sends examples of her own work, and the Loan Annex will contain valuable mezzotints, miniatures, and *objets d'art* from Lord Cheylesmore's collection, in addition to the excellent amateur contributions.



The extraordinary series of earthquakes in the neighbourhood of Akhalkalaki in the Caucasus has scarcely any parallel in the whole history of seismic disturbances. The earth tremors continued for two

months after the first terrible shock. Hot springs burst forth at Borzhom and other places, but did not bring the shocks to an end, as was expected. Our illustrations are from photographs.

THE EARTHQUAKES IN THE CAUCASUS: GENERAL VIEW OF THE DESTROYED VILLAGE OF ARAKOVO

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8 7 by 7 0 . . . 3 10 0	12 2 by 9 1 . . . 7 2 0		
8 10 by 7 1 . . . 3 13 0	11 10 by 9 10 . . . 7 3 0		
9 5 by 7 3 . . . 3 4 0	12 11 by 9 6 . . . 7 4 0		
10 4 by 7 5 . . . 3 14 0	12 4 by 10 7 . . . 7 11 0		
10 4 by 7 7 . . . 3 5 0	12 11 by 10 2 . . . 7 14 0		
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11 5 by 7 3 . . . 5 7 0	14 11 by 12 2 . . . 11 12 0		
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THE LATE SIR CHARLES HALL, Q.C.
Recorder of the City of London

Our Portraits

(Continued from page 378)

THE REV. FRANCIS JAMES CHAVASSE, the Bishop designate of Liverpool, was ordained in 1870 to the curacy of St. Paul, Preston, and subsequently became Vicar of St. Paul, Upper Holloway, and Rector of St. Peter-le-Bailey, Oxford. He is Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Exeter and Principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford. Mr. Chavasse is, like his predecessor, a Low Churchman, but one who has the confidence of all Evangelicals, and the respect of all other Churchmen. He has all the qualities which should go to make a successful Bishop—calmness of judgment, scrupulous fairness, independence, depth of conviction, business-like habits and skill both as a speaker and a preacher. Our portrait is by Russell and Son, Baker Street.

In Sir Charles Hall, Q.C., the City loses a Recorder of great nobility, the Central Criminal Court a distinguished judge, and the Bar a most able lawyer. Sir Charles Hall was the son of the late Vice-Chancellor Hall. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge. He was called to the Bar thirty-four years ago, and was a pupil of Lord Justice A. L. Smith in the chambers of Lord Hannen. His progress at the Bar was rapid. He had a large practice at the Superior Courts of Westminster and Guildhall, and from 1877 until he became the City's Recorder held the post of Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales. As Q.C. he led in Admiralty cases, and was often prosecutor for the Crown. About this time he followed the example of many distinguished lawyers in beginning a Parliamentary career. He was not so successful a Parliamentarian as a lawyer, but he was appointed first delegate for Great Britain at the Washington International Maritime Conference of 1889, and his services thereat were rewarded in the following year by a K.C.M.G. After being Conservative member for the Chesterton Division of Cambridgeshire

from 1885 to 1892, he lost his seat, immediately gaining another, however, in the Holborn Division of Finsbury. For this constituency he sat until his death. Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Mr. George James Symons, F.R.S., was the greatest authority in the kingdom on the distribution of rainfall in the British Isles. He developed an immense organisation of voluntary observers, and for many years collected records, which were published annually in his valuable compilation entitled, "Symons' British Rainfall." Mr. Symons was a member of the Council of the Royal Meteorological Society from 1863, was President 1880-81, and secretary 1873-79 and 1882-99. In view of the jubilee of the society taking place during this year he was elected President a second time on January 17 last, but a paralytic seizure compelled him to resign the office. He was a fellow of the Royal Society and a member of the council, chairman of the Krakatoa Committee, and a member of the Council



THE LATE MR. G. J. SYMONS, F.R.S.
The great authority on rainfall

of the Royal Botanic Society and of the Sanitary Institute. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

Mr. John O'Dowd, Nationalist, was elected unopposed for the North Division of Sligo last week. He is forty-four years of age, and has been connected with every Nationalist movement in Ireland since 1876. Mr. O'Dowd is one of the chief organisers of the United Irish League, and not long ago was deprived by the Lord Chancellor of the commission of the peace as a punishment for using unseemly language in connection with the war. Our portrait is by Chancellor, Dublin.

Mr. W. H. Dickinson, who has long been intimately associated with the work of the London County Council, has been elected Chairman for the coming year. Mr. A. Torrance is the new Vice-Chairman. Our portraits are by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, and G. Jerrard, Regent Street.

THE FIRST RELIC OF THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH may now be seen in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution at Whitehall. It is a tiny letter, 14 inch long, sent by a trooper of the Natal Carbineers to a relative in Natal. A native runner managed to get it through the investing lines, for when caught by the Boers he was smart enough to conceal the wee message up one of his nostrils and so escaped discovery.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S DAILY CORRESPONDENCE is so enormous that he has been obliged to establish a special private post office, with a large staff of clerks and secretaries. The mail is divided into three classes—the private letters, which go to Emperor William, and the business letters first sorted by the Civil and Military Cabinets. His Majesty reads every answer and signs it. None of the private replies go through the Post Office, but are delivered by messengers to ensure safety.

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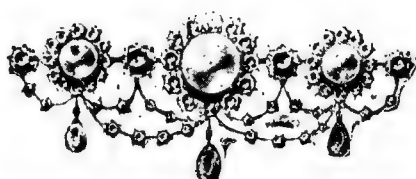


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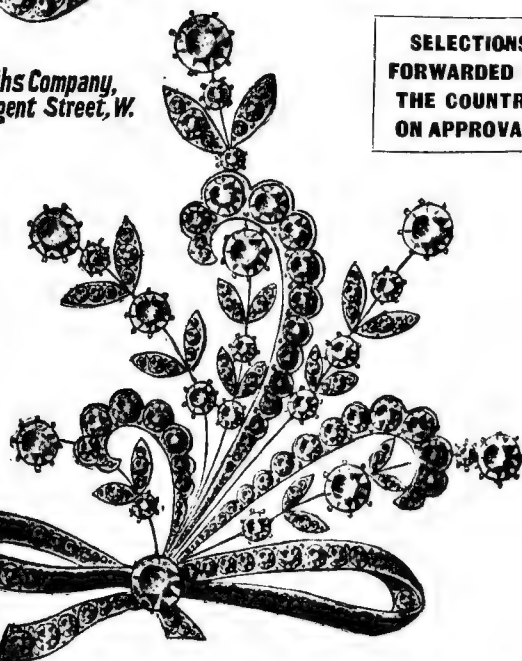
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'DUTY is the Demand of the Passing Hour.'—GOETHE.
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 "Who best can suffer, best can do."—MILTON.

What alone enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life?
 "Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul, I would answer, with Lasseus, it is 'EXPERIENCE.'"—LORD LYTON.

TO LIVE IN THE HEARTS WE LEAVE BEHIND IS NOT TO DIE. PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

His life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world,
"This was a man."—SHAKESPEARE.

"I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom," he was able to say. He loved Manliness, Truth, and Justice. He despised all Trickery and Selfish Greed. . . . "Let us have faith that right makes right." . . . Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend or foe. Benevolence and forgiveness were the basis of his character. **HIS NATURE WAS DEEPLY RELIGIOUS**, but belonged to no denomination. **ARCHITECT** of his own fortunes, mastering every emergency, fulfilling every duty. As Statesman, Ruler, and Liberator, **CIVILISATION WILL HOLD HIS NAME IN PERPETUAL HONOUR.**—Col. J. C. NICOLY, *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

THE DAWN OF FREEDOM! LINCOLN'S ALLEGORY of the SHORN LAMB.

LINCOLN and
 HUMAN HAPPINESS.

A Moral.

"By the way, a fine example was presented on board the boat in which I was travelling for contemplating the effect of condition upon human happiness. A gentleman had purchased twelve negroes in different parts of Kentucky, and was taking them to a farm in the South. They were chained six and six together, a small iron clevis was around the left wrist of each, and this fastened to the main chain by a shorter one, at a convenient distance from the others, so that the negroes were strung together precisely like so many fishes upon a trot-line. In this condition they were being SEPARATED FOR EVER from the SCENES OF THEIR CHILDHOOD, THEIR FRIENDS, THEIR FATHERS and MOTHERS, and BROTHERS and SISTERS, and many of them from their WIVES and CHILDREN, and being INTO PERPETUAL SLAVERY, where the LASH the MASTER is PROVERBALLY MORE RUTHLESS and UNRELENTING THAN



A TEAR!

The Drying up of a single Tear has more of honest fame than Shedding Seas of Gore.—BYRON.

ANY OTHER WHERE; and yet AMID THESE DISTRESSING CIRCUMSTANCES, as we would think them, THEY WERE the MOST CHEERFUL and APPARENTLY HAPPY CREATURES ON BOARD. One, whose offence for which he had been sold was an OVER-FONDNESS for his WIFE, played the FIDDLE ALMOST CONTINUALLY, and THE OTHERS DANCED, SANG, CRACKED JOKES, and PLAYED VARIOUS GAMES with CARDS from DAY TO DAY.

"HOW TRUE it is that 'GOD TEMPER THE WIND to the SHORN LAMB.'"

(Extract of a letter by Lincoln, from "Abraham Lincoln, The Man of the People," by Norman Hapgood.)

MORAL.—PERFECT HAPPINESS lies FIRST OF ALL in PERFECT HEALTH, and does not GRIEVE for the things which we HAVE NOT, but REJOICES for THOSE WHICH WE HAVE.

*And such is human life, so gliding on,
 It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone*

LOVE OF LIFE.

"Tis Life, NOT Death, For which we pant;
 More Life and Fuller, That we want."—TENNYSON.

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has the more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

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"The Passing of the Empires"

THIS book is the third and last volume of the series of which the first two are "The Dawn of Civilisation" and "The Struggle of the Nations." It deals with the history of the Great Powers of Asia and Africa from the rise of the second Assyrian Empire, about the year 850 B.C., down to the subjugation of both continents by Europe, in the person of Alexander the Great, 330 B.C. The history of the Jews, by this time established in Syria, is here thrown into prominence, owing to the fact that their country formed, as it were, the buffer between the two great Empires of Assyria and Egypt, the latter ruled by an Ethiopian dynasty.

Syria had always been the bone of contention between these two Powers, and their rivalry soon resulted in the subjugation of Egypt, by Esarhaddon, son of Sennacherib; Elam, too, for the first time, fell into the power of Assyria and defeats were inflicted on the Cimmerians and Scythians.

Meanwhile, the power of the Medes had been on the increase, and the Chaldean city, Babylon, destroyed by Sennacherib for continual attempts at revolt, had revived. These two Powers attacked Nineveh, the Assyrian capital, and its fall signalled the break-up of the Assyrian Empire, which was divided between the conquerors, Egypt becoming free. Further Syrian expeditions brought the latter into collision with the Babylonians, by whom Jerusalem was taken and destroyed. The next epoch was marked by the establishment of a Persian Empire under Cyrus over the whole of the East, by the subjection of Syria and the destruction of Babylon. Finally, Egypt fell before Cambyses, son of Cyrus.

The first check to the Persian power was afforded by the Scythians; later, and with much more damaging effect, by the Greeks at Marathon and Salamis. Persian supremacy was further weakened by troubles in Syria, Asia Minor, and Egypt, and finally received its death-blow at the hands of Alexander the Great of Macedon.

In spite of the comparatively small space into which Professor Maspero has been obliged to compress a history as wide and as complicated as the above, he has, nevertheless, given many interesting details bearing upon the origin, customs, religion, and art of the various peoples mentioned in his work; the authorities for his statements being given in footnotes. On the whole the book is a monument of erudition and painstaking research, and forms a worthy successor to the two previous volumes.

There is also an interesting preface by Professor Sayce, which, *inter alia*, gives a brief summary of the chief discoveries in Babylonia, Susa, Armenia, and Egypt, since Professor Maspero completed his work. The illustrations are mostly from photographs, and are copious and pertinent. The three admirable coloured plates are especially worthy of commendation. Mr. McClure, as a translator, is all that could be desired.

* "The Passing of the Empires." (S.P.C.K.) By Professor Maspero. Edited by Professor Sayce. Translated by M. L. McClure.

"New Editions"

THE third edition of Lieutenant-Colonel Brunner's "Boer War, 1899-1900" (William Clowes), is indispensable to those who wish to follow the course of the South African campaign. The little Handbook contains a chart showing the organisation and distribution of and British forces, a capital map of South Africa, a list of the British officers at the front, an estimate of the British forces, a short account of previous events, a diary of the campaign to the end of January,



Sir Edward Chichester Butt, K.N., who is principal Transport Officer in Natal, and Senior of all the Naval officers on transport duty in South Africa, entered the Navy in 1863, and reached his present rank of captain in 1889. He was Naval Transport Officer in Natal during the Boer War of 1881, and has also been employed on transport duty in Egypt. He was made C.M.G. last year for services in Manila during the Spanish-American War. Our portrait, which shows Sir Edward at work in his office, is by Fyne, Cape Town.

THE PRINCIPAL TRANSPORT OFFICER IN NATAL

with a summary of casualties in the various actions—in short a veritable encyclopedia of the war for half a crown.

Amongst other reprints, we have received from Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. the "Temple" editions of the works of Scott and Dickens. The print, paper and binding of these dainty little volumes are everything that can be desired, and no more sensible books for a holiday could be found. Messrs. Methuen send us two more volumes of their series, "The Library of Devotion," Keble's

"Lyra Innocentium," and George Herbert's "The Temple." Messrs. Isbister, Dean Plumptre's translation of Dante's works in five volumes, and Messrs. G. Bell and Sons the "Chiswick" Shakespeare—all pocket editions beautifully bound and printed. From Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. we have received the first volumes of a new edition of Whyte Melville's works, and from Messrs. Blackwood and Sons "Scenes of Clerical Life," by George Eliot, illustrated by H. R. Millar.—Other new editions are "London Pride," by Miss Braddon (Simpkin and Co.); "Cometh Up as a Flower," by Miss Rhoda Broughton (Macmillan and Co.); "As in a Looking Glass," by F. C. Phillips, and "A Marriage in China," by Mrs. A. Little (Heinemann); "Precious Stones and Gems," by Edwin W. Streeter, sixth edition (G. Bell and Sons); "Records of Big Game," by Rowland Ward, third edition (Rowland Ward, Limited); "The Microscope," by Jabez Hogg, fifteenth edition (Routledge); Niclan's "Costumes of the Clans of Scotland" (David Bryce and Son, Glasgow), and "The Scottish Clans and Their Tartans," fifth edition (W. and A. K. Johnston). One of the best editions of Shakespeare which has been published of late years is the latest addition to the "Eversley" classics (Macmillan). Well printed on good paper and provided with an ably written introduction to each play, together with copious explanatory notes, it forms an ideal edition for the library, especially as each volume is of handy size. The editor, Mr. C. N. Notford, has done his work in an exceedingly scholarly manner, the text being founded upon the Cambridge and Globe Shakespeares, though neither is implicitly followed; the notes convey much information which will be new to the general reader, while the introduction contains brief surveys of the literary data of the various plays. Indeed, it would be difficult to say too much in praise of this admirable addition to the "Eversley" series.

A new and revised edition of "A Breath from the Veldt," by J. G. Millais, has been issued by Messrs. Sotheran, and is of especial interest now the attention of the whole Empire is centred on South Africa. A charming series of dainty pocket reprints of well-known authors is being issued by Messrs. Gay and Bird—the very thing to carry away for a holiday or to while away the hours of a long railway journey. The series is entitled "The Bibelots," and the volumes already published are Coleridge's "Table Talk," Herrick's "Women, Love and Flowers," "The Shorter Poems of John Keats," and Gay's "Trivia and Other Poems." We have also received from Mr. George Allen the latest addition to the cheap edition of Ruskin's works, "Giotto and His Works in Padua," as well got up and printed as its predecessors.

THE CARNIVAL AT NICE.—"Mars" has issued another of his illustrated albums, amusingly recording the freaks and follies of the Carnival festivities in the Riviera. It is entitled "Nice en Fête," and is published by Henry May, Paris. The illustrations, both plain and coloured, are as characteristic as ever of his particular style of humour.

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A GIGANTIC SALE

seems to be the only solution feasible, and Hewetsons have determined to have a bonâ-fide sale with such generous reductions in price of the entire stock as will quickly accomplish the purpose and prove at the same time a grand advertisement of their establishment. Only their own goods will be offered—no stock has been purchased for the sale. The same guarantees will apply as to regular sales, and the same conditions of free delivery, while to render inspection easy every article has been catalogued, numbered, and marked in plain figures. These catalogues, which form a perfect guide to the stock, will be sent free on application.

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The Alexandra Trust Dining-Rooms

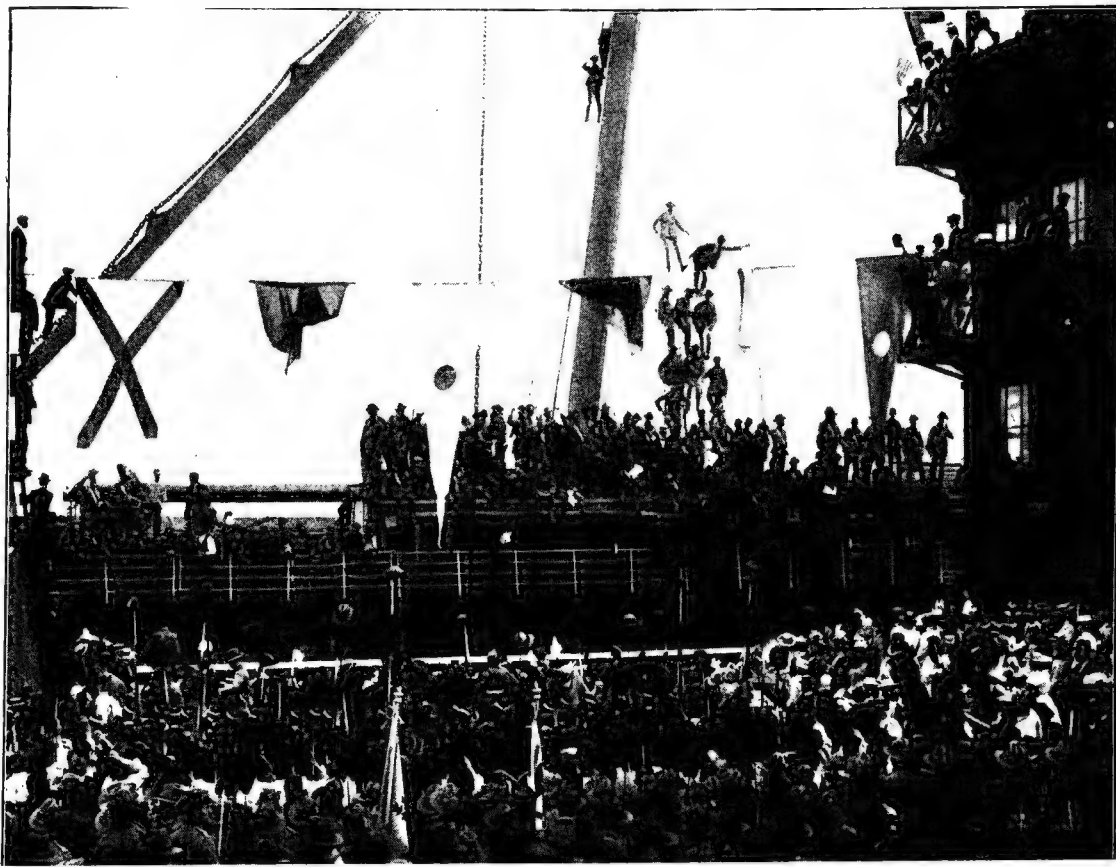
LAST week were opened these dining-rooms, which have been established with a view of supplying the working classes with good food at a cheap price. The idea has been for many years past in the mind of Sir Thomas Lipton, and about a couple of years ago the idea took practical shape by the gift from him of 100,000/., vested in a body of Governors, of which Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales graciously consented to be President, and to allow her name to be given to the Trust. Nor is the Princess's connection with the undertaking by any means only nominal and complimentary, for she has watched over its progress, and takes the utmost interest in carrying out the working details. Sir Thomas Lipton, the founder, though he has made an absolute gift of the capital, and exercises no control over the expenditure, has by no means abandoned a share in the work, but, on the contrary, has placed at the disposal of the President and Governors his well-known energy and his vast experience. Though modestly keeping in the background, he continues to be the moving spirit of the administration, which is entrusted to an executive committee, consisting of Sir Thomas Lipton himself, Lady Faudel Phillips, the Hon. Charles Russell, and Mr. John Westwood. The Governors are the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Francis Jeune, Sir Francis Knollys, and Mr. James Knowles.

The building has been erected specially for the dining-rooms. It is in the City Road, near to the spot where Old Street cuts it, and building operations were only begun less than a year ago. It consists of basement, for store rooms, lavatories, machinery, &c.; a ground floor, a first and a second floor for dining-rooms, while the topmost floor is occupied by the kitchen, secretary's office, &c. The kitchen is provided with every needful apparatus of the latest patterns. The various processes of cooking are performed by means partly of steam and partly of gas. All food in the raw state is brought up by a crane from outside, and when cooked is sent down by a lift to the respective dining-rooms, such lift bringing up the dirty

plates and dishes. The three dining-floors consist each of one large room in which there is a distribution counter. The rooms are provided with marble-topped tables and heavy benches with backs. Each room can accommodate comfortably about 500 persons at a time, and at a push some eighty additional. All the

steak pudding instead of boiled mutton or stewed steak. In each case the customer may exchange a cup of tea, coffee, or cocoa for the pastry. A fish dinner of boiled fish and potatoes costs 2½d. Beef tea is 2d., bread ½d. a slice, bloaters or kippers 1d., haddock 1½d. or 2d., bread and butter, or jam or marmalade, ½d. a slice,

sausages, two for 1½d.; rasher of bacon, 1½d.; cold meat, mutton pies, veal and ham pies, 2d. each; coffee, cocoa, or tea, ½d. small cup, 1d. large cup. Thus it will be seen that anyone can make a good meal, including bread and tea, coffee, or cocoa for 5½d., and a fair meal for much less. The keynote of the undertaking is that it will be carried out on business principles, and that there is no question of charity. It is believed that, as in the case of the Rowton buildings, there will be a small profit, and it is hoped that as accumulations mount up, it will be found possible by degrees to establish similar dining-rooms all over London, and in time to set them up all over the United Kingdom. That the scheme will be very successful we are led to believe from the case of Vienna, where for some years past similar establishments have been in operation, and been greatly appreciated.



The second New Zealand contingent for South Africa, under the command of Major Cradock, and numbering 242 officers and men and 300 horses left Wellington on January 20. Altogether fully 70,000 spectators assembled to witness the contingent's departure. As the troops passed along the route the city rang again and again with enthusiastic cheers and patriotic songs. The Premier, in his speech, eulogised the Press of New Zealand and Australia for unitedly supporting Great Britain in the present emergency. The Premier also said that another contingent would follow, and if occasion arose every man who could bear arms in the Colony would volunteer, as in helping the Empire in South Africa they were securing New Zealand and upholding the Queen, the country, and the Constitution. The troops afterwards embarked on the *Waiwera*, which was accompanied to Wellington Heads by the Government steamer *Tutanekai*, with Lord Ranfurly, the Ministers, and a number of other prominent public men on board, followed by the warship *Tauranga* and a number of steamers conveying relatives, friends, and well-wishers of those forming the contingent. Our illustration is from a photograph by Walter Burke, Christchurch, N.Z.

THE SECOND NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENT FOR THE CAPE EMBARKING AT WELLINGTON

customers buy a ticket, which they exchange at the counter for food, carrying the latter to their tables, thus economising in the way of waiters. The prices are simply a marvel of cheapness, as may be judged from the following selection of prices: Soup, a plate of boiled mutton, two vegetables, and pastry, 4½d.; soup, stewed steak, two vegetables, and pastry, 4½d.; or the same with

artificial pose which mars so many photographic pictures.

"KRUGER SOVEREIGNS" are being coined by the Transvaal Government at the rate of 150,000/., monthly. For silver coins they do not trouble to find any new design, but mint imitation English florins, dated 1895 and 1896, from a very imperfect die.

FINE ART PHOTOGRAPHY FROM NATURE. — Mr. A. L. Baldry and Mr. W. J. Day have made a most ambitious attempt to reproduce, by photography, fine art studies in the open air and with natural backgrounds and surroundings. The experiment has been frequently made by photographers, but rarely as successfully as in the present instance. In the "Lensart" series (E. Day and Son, Bournemouth), Messrs. Baldry and Day have produced a number of admirable woodland and seaside figure studies. These pictures, as regards composition, are wonderfully free from that stiff and

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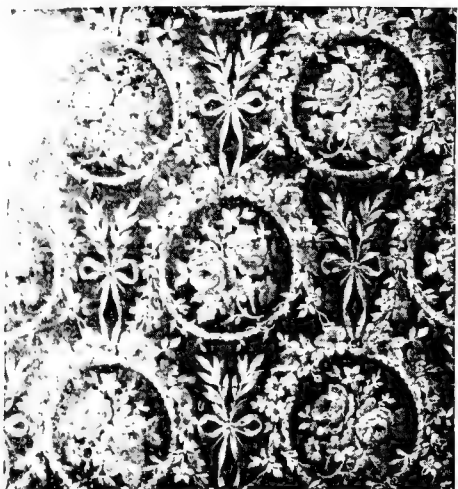
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72 IN A TUBE FOR 1s. 1½d.

New Novels

"THE ENGRAFTED ROSE"

It would be easy to make a list of the faults of Emma Brooke's "The Engrafted Rose" (Hutchinson and Co.), such as the over-elaboration and, throughout too long a portion of its course, the obscurity of its plot, and a general insufficiency of motive on the part of its principal characters. But when all has been said on these scores, it would remain to say that the novel is well worth reading, and very distinctly above the average. Its heroine, Rosamunda Thoresbye, is a really charming creation—beautiful in a style of her own, as strong of will as she is sound of heart, and with more than a mere touch of genius about her; altogether calculated to make the reader, as well as everybody else, wonder how such a Rose could have got engrafted upon the commonplace family-stem upon which she blossomed. The question of how such an apparent contradiction to every doctrine of heredity came to pass is the core of a plot much too complicated to be reduced into a few words. It would also take long to dwell upon the humours of the homely folk of the Yorkshire district between town and moor, so vividly and sympathetically rendered as to make one wish that the authoress had given us many more such incidents as the way in which the Haisthorpe orchestra covered itself with glory. There is certainly plenty of matter of all kinds in the novel, both grave and gay, and though it cannot be pronounced so strong a piece of work as its author's "A Superfluous Woman," it is more satisfactory on the whole, and certainly a great deal more pleasant to read.

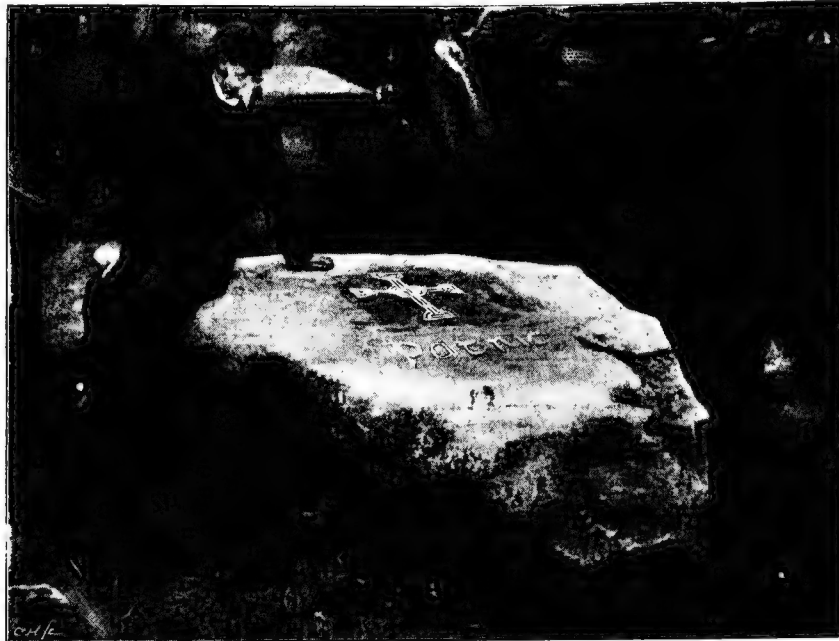
"SAVROLA"

Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill might well have given the alternative title of "A School for Demagogues" to his "Savrola: A Tale of the Revolution in Laurania" (Longmans, Green and Co.). His hero is a mob-orator, who learns, to his cost, how much easier is it to inflame than to control popular passion. Savrola is by no means an ill-conceived character on broadly effective lines—imagining himself a humorist without humour, a cynic while caring for nothing but popular applause, and a patriot while ready to plunge his country into the horrors of civil massacre. That such a man should, helped by good looks and an impressive manner, fascinate, almost at first sight, a woman at once so clever and so silly as the beautiful wife of the unpopular President, is natural enough; and Mr. Churchill has given himself the opportunity for a forcibly dramatic scene where the scoundrel of a husband, having planned to compromise his political enemy with his own wife, finds that he has interrupted a genuine declaration of mutual passion. A stronger, because simpler, point is the murder of the President by the mob, when all had been lost to him excepting Pride. The feat of a young aide-de-camp in crossing the city by clambering along the telegraph wires above an armed insurrection is certainly too purely sensational

for a story that reads like a chapter from the genuine history of a detestable people.

"FÉO"

Mr. Max Pemberton tells, in his romance of "Féo" (Hodder and Stoughton), how the son of an Austrian Archduke fell in love with an opera singer, Féo de Berthier, who was as good as she was pretty, and finally won her for his wife, not merely with the consent, but with the affectionate approval of his father. Prince Jerome is, in short, that eminently satisfactory sort of lover who will stand nobody's "No"—not even the lady's; and to whom,



After ages of neglect, the traditional resting-place of the remains of Ireland's Patron Saint in the cathedral graveyard at Downpatrick have been covered with a memorial stone. The stone is a rough, weather-beaten boulder of granite, weighing about seven tons, from the mountain side of Slieve-na-Largie, where it rested at a height of six hundred feet. Upon the upper surface of this boulder is carved an Irish Cross, faithfully reproduced from one cut on an equally rough, unhewn stone found on the Island of Inisclonnan, one of the islands of Lough Rea, where St. Diarmid founded his famous ecclesiastical settlement about the middle of the sixth century. Under the Cross the name "Patric" is cut in Irish characters, copied from the earliest known Celtic manuscripts. This simple treatment is considered to be the nearest approach to the form of monument which would have been constructed about the year 469, the supposed date of the Saint's death. The movement was initiated by Mr. F. J. Bigger, of Belfast, who was warmly supported by all classes and creeds. The supervision of the work was entrusted to Mr. W. J. Fennell.

ST. PATRICK'S GRAVE

therefore, everybody is at last delighted to give in. All would have gone smoothly enough but for an idiotic emissary of the Archduke (while in opposition) who goes so far as to imprison Féo in a house in Paris, obliging her to escape through a window by means of the cord from one of her boxes—a situation of delightfully elaborate peril; and, later on, to free herself from his custody by a daring leap from an express train. The story is entertaining enough, and should easily turn into a good play, even though the acrobatic element were omitted.

"Sir Arthur Sullivan"

Not only musical folk, but many of the thousands who have enjoyed witnessing the representations of the charming operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, will find great pleasure in learning something of the life, the history and the methods of the great composer. Sir Arthur Sullivan, be it said, is much averse to being "interviewed," but when Mr. Lawrence explained that the music-loving public of England knew nothing of their favourite composer, he gladly agreed to collaborate with him in this work, his only objection being that he "hardly thought a record of his life and recollections would be of interest to the public." His mind may rest easy on that point. Not only this "Life"—brightly and chattily as it is written—of the greatest interest on its own account, but Sir Arthur has met with so many people of note in every walk of life, that his impressions of them and conversations with them, give an additional value to the book, besides which all musical people will be curious to know the methods he employs in his compositions.

Sir Arthur Sullivan was the son of the master of Sandhurst College, and before he concluded his eighth year was able to play any instrument in the band—an accomplishment that, after years, was of the greatest service to him. After some years as a Royal chorister, he went to Leipzig, where he met, as fellow-students, many young fellows who later made names for themselves in the musical world. Amongst these were J. F. Barnard, Greig, Carl Rosa, Dannreuter, Walter Rache, and others. Sullivan's success came early; he won his "Tempest" when he was eighteen. In Germany it was an immediate success. Two years later, when it was produced at the Crystal Palace, it was received with immense enthusiasm. "All musical London would seem to have gone down to hear it."

In regard to Sir Arthur's methods the author writes: "To many who picture every composer compelled to sit at a piano, running his fingers over the keys, seeking after inspiration, it will be a shock to discover that in this instance the composer handles nothing but pen, ink, and paper."

Sir Arthur Sullivan has done good service to English music, not alone by his splendid compositions, but in fighting hard to get the English people and English conductors to appreciate their native composers. At the first Jubilee he noted that hardly a note of English music was to be heard as the procession passed through the streets.

"It is inconceivable," he says, "that at a national fête in Berlin the German military bands could confine themselves to performing French and Italian tunes, or that on a similar occasion in Paris songs from the German Fatherland would alone be heard."

The volume contains a well-written chapter on "Sullivan as a Composer," by B. W. Findon, and a complete list of his works by Wilfrid Bendall.

"Sir Arthur Sullivan: Life-Story, Letters and Reminiscences." By Arthur Lawrence. (Bowden.)

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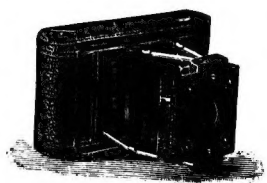
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

A DRY and cold March is required to balance the wet spell of weather in February. The cold winds are not required in themselves, but they add greatly to the drying effect. Spring sowings this year are very behindhand, and farmers are feeling very discouraged. The month is a very trying one for animals on the farm as well as for human beings, and it is at the end of winter that the strain on health is most severely felt. Those who can afford it do well to spend March and April in a balmy atmosphere than that of England, those who own live stock will do equally well to give their animals plenty of good sustaining food and provide them with shelter from the bitter spring winds. The young lambs in especial require warm shelters. Many sorts of trees and shrubs may now be planted, for the subsoil is not

excessively damp; it is the surface soil which requires another fortnight. The markets for all sorts of meat are fairly strong, but corn and hops are extremely low in price, and farmers are not doing as well, taking all things together, as they were a year ago.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN

March should be a month of activity in the kitchen garden, and the soil is not at all too hard at present. For potatoes, indeed, it is still too wet, and a prudent grower will wait this season till April is here. Beans and peas, however, should be put in at once by dibbling. For peas the "British Queen" is a first-class sort; its sweetness and flavour leave little to desire, and it gains by being put in early. The "Autocrat" and the "Fillbasket" are also good kinds to put in before March is out. Carrots should now be sown; James's Scarlet Intermediate is an excellent type. To sow spinach between the rows of beans and peas is a very good plan. The gardener will be wise if he sees that while March is yet with us the garden lawn and, in fact, all grass, from the mere square or small

patch to the little meadow, is renovated. The bare and weak spots will be obvious enough.

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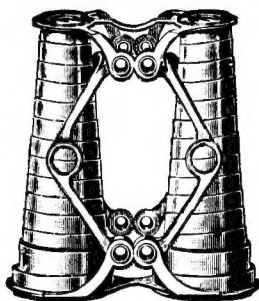
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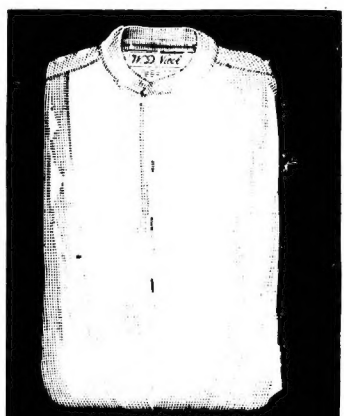
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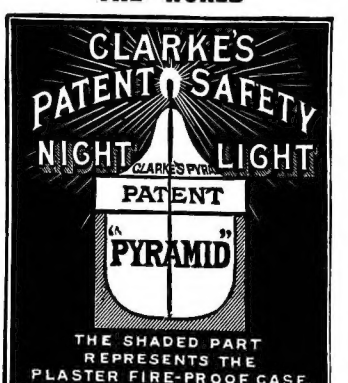
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Printed at 12, Milford Lane, by GEORGE ROBERT
PARKER and AUGUSTUS FILDES THOMAS and
Published by them at 190, Strand, in the County
of London.—MARCH 17, 1900.